

4
R E V I E W
OF THE
Lion of Old England;

OR, THE
DEMOCRACY CONFOUNDED.

AS IT APPEARED FROM TIME TO TIME IN
A PERIODICAL PRINT.

Second Edition.

WITH CONSIDERABLE
ADDITIONS AND AMENDMENTS,
FROM THE FIRST EDITION,
BY THE REVIEWERS.

—BELFAST—

1794.

REVUE

Journal of the

OF THE

DEMOCRACY CONFERENCE

AS A MEANS OF PROMOTING THE

WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE

BRITISH



MUSEUM

OF THE

DEMOCRACY CONFERENCE

OF THE

DEMOCRACY CONFERENCE

DEDICATION.

TO HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, CATHERINE
THE SECOND, EMPRESS OF ALL THE
RUSSIAS, &c. &c.

Most Mighty and Most Terrible Czarina,

IT is not the terror of your Majesty's arms, nor the horror of your Imperial Name, which points you out as the natural Patroness and Protector of the *LION OF OLD ENGLAND*, so much as those venerable qualities which shine conspicuous in your Highness, and form the admiration of the world—Your gentle manners, suavity of temper, your conjugal fidelity, delicacy of deportment, and refined sensibility, are the virtues which exalt you above all the Kings and Rulers of the Earth; insomuch that it shall ever be considered the greatest honor of my life, to have been thought worthy (if so I shall be thought) of dedicating a work of unrivalled merit to a Princess of such unexampled virtues; and to have subscribed myself, with true devotion and sincerity of heart, your Majesty's

Most faithful,

Most dutiful,

And (as far as my natural allegiance to the King, my master,
Your Imperial Majesty's most loving Cousin,
and tender Ally, will permit me to be,)
Your Majesty's most loyal slave,

THE EDITOR.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

DEDICATION

TO THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
JANUARY 22, 1901

The New York Public Library, Astor Lenox Tilden Foundation, is a great and noble institution, and it is a privilege to dedicate this book to it. The library is a treasure house of knowledge, and it is a pleasure to have a book added to its collection. The book is a work of art, and it is a pleasure to have a work of art added to its collection. The book is a work of art, and it is a pleasure to have a work of art added to its collection.

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THE END

P R E F A C E.

THE great effect which the REVIEW of the LION OF OLD ENGLAND has had, wherever it has been read, in bringing to confusion the arrogant presumption of the Democracy, has been the chief motive with the Editor (by permission of the Reviewers) to collect the scattered morsels, as they appeared from time to time in a Periodical Paper, and lay them before the Public, in the form they now appear; to the end, that the reader may have an opportunity of taking a general and connected view of a subject which he has hitherto considered only by interruption and detail; and also, that those, [as some no doubt there are] who have not yet been fortunate enough to meet with this Work, may be put on a footing of Equality with those that have. And that there might be something new for every Reader, it was the intention of the Editor to have written a facetious Preface, such as was befitting a facetious Book,—Whether he has done so, let the candid reader judge: if he has not, it is not to be imputed to any want of good inclination; for most assuredly, if he had but half as much wit as he has inclination

inclination to be witty, the courteous reader should have little reason to complain of the spleen. But if ever the kind reader has, as possibly he may have, felt the difference between wishing to be witty and being witty, he will be the more disposed to excuse the present failure as a venial fault, and to accept the intention for the act; and to turn to the Dedication which it is hoped will please him—if it does not, he may blame himself for reading it.

REVIEW

OF THE

LION of OLD ENGLAND.

As this sublime effort of the Imagination, contains all the treasures of genuine Poetry and bold Fiction, we scruple not to announce it to the world, as a beautiful specimen of the Epic Art: equally calculated to delight the Fancy, inform the Judgment, and amend the Heart.—And we hail its Author as the happy favorite of the Nine.

CANTO I.

THIS Canto sets out with invoking the Muse in a style peculiarly tender and animated. The author then apostrophises the Reviewers, whom he describes by the allegories of a nest of Wasps, or a club of United Irishmen—which we suppose to be the reason why they have not noticed this uncommon work. The task therefore falls upon us however incompetent. This book concludes with a hymn to the GOD OF WAR; the two finishing lines of which are pe-

cularly striking, and seem to sum up the prevailing sentiment of the whole.

“—Scorn the vile traders, who to peace incline,
War, raging war, is glorious and divine.”

CANTO II.

Introduces a ROYAL DUKE bestriding a Lion amidst his Aids-de-Camp, getting by heart a speech to the army, in which his own renown and the *absurdity*, of all *opposition* is set forth. The person and character of this great Prince, are remarkably depicted :

“His words were haughty, lofty was his mein
And his proud looks spoke his Germanic strain,
Science he scorn’d, all Schoolmen’s lore he spurn’d,
For sacred War alone his bosom burn’d.
As the sad pilgrim on the sultry sand,
Sighs for the fountains of his native land,
So pants his soul to mount the rapid Car,
And whirl thro’ the dizzy din of War.
For what is reason when the trumpet speaks,
And the loud cannon’s roar the Welkin shakes,
The prostrate world shall learn that power makes right,
And worship no God but the God of fight.

The

LION OF OLD ENGLAND.

7

The laws of conquest are the mightiest laws;
This said, the generous Lion roared applause,
Shook his shaggy main, brandish'd his Royal tail,
Swore by the God of War; and *so set sail!*"

Some readers will perhaps be surprized how a Lion would so instantaneously set sail, and wonder why he should be in such a hurry. We leave all such dull cold critics to their own narrow unprofitable strictures. It is enough for us that he did set sail, and arrived at MARTINICO, just in time to see the forces landed by Admiral Gardner, together with the Royalists, driven off the island, which gallant action is thus justly extolled.

" Thus England's sons, excelling in the chase;
Altho' they lost the battle, won *the race!*"
But had the sisters so ordain'd the thing,
This island would have bow'd to England's King."

The learned reader will not be apprehensive how the Prince got off the Lion's back when he failed for the West Indies, knowing that whatever his hurry might have been, the generous Lion will not hurt the true Prince.

B2

CANTO

CANTO III.

Here we find the General again bestriding the Lion at LINCELLES, a small village near Lille, where a glorious and immortal *victory* is gained by three regiments of Guards, who after 800 Dutch had attacked 4000 French, and killed all but 1000, fought the remaining 1000, and left them in possession of their post! which occasions the following panegyrick :

“ Let other Hero’s interest pursue,
But dear bought laurels still await on you ;
Old England’s Lion bold, will still disdain
To fight as others do, for sordid gain :
No warrior e’er deserved the poets song
But he who fought alike in right or wrong ;
Let other Courts to wealth and power lay claim,
Honor and glory are your nobler aim,
Better for you the glory and renown
Of having storm’d a breach or sack’d a town,
Of having train’d an host of *Fuslian Weavers* *
To turn their toes out, and to cock their beavers,
To quit their looms, and boldly to aspire,
Thanks to their hungry bellies—to stand fire.”

This latter passage has been thought by some too *Pro-
fic*, and to have less dignity than suits the Epic strain, and

* Manchester recruits.

the

the general importance of the work ; that the *Oss magna soniturum* is no where to be discovered in it—if it were so, let these Critics remember, that *aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus* :—But certainly the objection favors of but little learning, or experience in the art of composition, as all who are skilled in it will own, that the most difficult, and almost impossible attainment, is, that of giving colour and interest to a dry plain matter of fact. At all events, the succeeding apostrophe to the Spittlefield weavers amply redeems the author from this imputation :

“ Ye men of froth, of spittle, men of silk ;
 Ye men of three parts water, one part milk ;
 Ye men, who in your gloomy cellars pine,
 Whilst birth-day beauties in your labors shine,
 Like other worms, hid from the chearing day,
 In painful toil you waste your lives away ;
 Must you, poor ti’ny counterfeits engage
 In all the glorious horrors of this age ?
 Must you, poor starvelings too, be led afar,
 To mingle with the ranks in bloody war ?”

Here the author finding himself sinking into sentiments of *humanity*, incompatible with the nobler ideas of *power*, *war*, and *magnanimity*, catches himself up and proceeds :

“ You must, vile scum, your Rulers say you must,
 And what your Rulers say, be sure is just.
 Or if you like not that, you may depart,
 And to the WESTERN WORLD congey your art.”

CANTO IV.

We now find the Lion once more at sea with LORD HOWE, in sight of the FRENCH FLEET. The various ships which compose each line, are described in a very lively manner, also the personal qualities of each commander.—We are sorry however, to find too servile an imitation of the descriptions of Virgil and Homer. After relating all the manœuvres of the particular vessels, he makes this pointed observation;

“Nought could have saved the Regicides this day,
But that they happened to get *safe away*;
And that the ships which carry these vile slaves,
Still ride triumphant on the briny waves;
But thou, Oh gallant HOWE, dost also ride,
Safe and secure upon the azure tide;
Thou, who a *signal* vict’ry didst obtain,
Waving thy *signals* o’er the wat’ry plain,
And thus, in Neptune’s empire didst give law,
Thou who canst truly say, I came, and saw.”

CANTO V.

This book relates the taking of the camp of Cæsar, which bears a strong analogy to the *sea view*, in the preceding canto; and indeed in many of the principal figures, the author seems to have copied from himself. But concludes with as great power of logic as of poetry, that the French army were destitute of all true glory. For, that if instead of giving up this post, they had stood out in defence of it, they might have fallen victims to genuine chivalry, and the generous fury of the Imperial Eagle and the Kingly Lion. And although the post was of no consequence in other respects, yet they might have found in it an honorable grave, and so exchanged a sordid, unsubstantial existence, for real, solid, and immortal glory. The inquisitive reader will ask whether the Lion was present at this great scene. It is a laudable curiosity, and shall be satisfied.

“The Lion, who till now had slept, and snored,
Up started, curled his angry brow and roared.”

This is enough to shew that he was present, although it does not appear that he took any active part in the victory: leaving that as we suppose, out of pure generosity to the News Writers. But what is most remarkable in this latter passage is, that it has given rise to a sharp controversy amongst the literati of the day; having been brought forward as a decisive proof that the position of Mr. Voltaire, that all Frenchmen are either Tygers or Monkeys, is unfounded in fact.

Which

Which is thus demonstrated, 1st, They are not Monkeys, for that great Philosopher and chaste Bard, Allen Ramsay, has thus delivered himself;

“ Nae mastiff heeds a yamphing cur,
Nor will a LION curl his brow
Altho’ a MONKEY should offend.”

Now the major proposition is, that a Lion will not curl his brow at Monkey-offenders; the minor, that he did curl his brow at offenders: and the conclusion follows in the negative, that the offenders were not Monkeys. 2d, They are not Tygers; for whoever has read the 49 volumes of Ulysses, *Aldrovandi de quadrupedibus digitatis vivipentibus* Bonon, 1637 folio, knows, that one essential property of a Tyger, which is of the Cat tribe, is to have a tail shorter only by one third than the body, of which there is not, perhaps, a single instance in the whole Republican army.— To which it is answered, as to the first branch of the argument, that the major is usurped. For the Bard, Allen Ramsay, has only said, that the Lion will not curl his brow although a Monkey should offend; *non constat*, that he would not if an army of them did. But though this were granted, negatur minor; for it does not appear that the French are the offenders, but the contrary. Thus the falsehood of the premisses being detected, the conclusion falls to the ground, and the whole is discovered to be a sophism, invented to impose upon weak and credulous minds, and stir up sedition and discontent, and it is hoped all such wicked and malicious contrivers, who adhere to the Kings enemies, may meet with their deserts, and that the A———y G———l will look to them. As to the second head: the length of the tail. It is well known, that when Mr. de Voltaire wrote, a long queue was essential to a Frenchman;

LION OF OLD ENGLAND.

25

Frenchman ; following him as the incident, its principal ; therefore the argument can at most but prove, that they are not Tygers at this day, when Jacobin fashions prevail ; but in no wise impeaches the authority of Mr. de Voltaire.

Thus would the world have been divided into two parties, but that a third arose, who call themselves the friends of *incongruity, congruity, and small beer* ; who steer as it were a middle course. But as we conceive such metaphysical disquisitions can add nothing to the stock of real or useful knowledge, we take leave of the subject, which we only mentioned as a matter of curiosity.

CANTO VI.

In this Canto is related the taking of the FRENCH EAST-INDIAMEN, which were insured in London, which gives rise to a fresh panegyrick upon the generosity of the Lion, who exchanges with the captives hard English Guineas, for French paper Assignats.

“ Long, generous Lion, may your bounty live,
For even when you seem to take, *you give* ;
Or on the main, or on the tented field,
The more you conquer, still the more you yield.”

The author then by a quick and natural transition, adverts to the camp of the DUKE of RICHMOND.

“Thou too great RICHMOND, who with mighty soul,
Dost ride triumphantly from *pole to pole*,
Those *poles* I mean, round which luxuriant crops,
In verdant beauty twine of tender Hops,
Thy arms protect them from the savage foe;
Thrice happy *Poles*, did you your fortune know,
Cath’rine or Fred’rick would not use you so.”

Much fault has been found with Mr. Dryden, and other celebrated English Rhymers, for their frequent use of triplets. The effect the above lines must have had upon every reader of taste or sensibility, is the best apology for our author. N. B. The Lion is asleep among the Hops—but to return to his Grace.

“Thou too, Oh! Richmond, valorous in fight,
Dost put the timid *Burgeffes* to flight;
Thou, still’d in science, dost attack their lines,
Open their *cover’d ways*, and *spring* their *mines*.”

This passage would have been obscure enough but for a note with which we have been favored, by a very learned rabbit-catcher, who explains it to mean no more than the hunting of rabbits in the warren adjoining the camp. The rabbits are called *burgeffes* from their inhabiting in boroughs, not from their having any vote for members of parliament. The figure is very poetical. The Lion is represented in the camp feeding on a bullocks liver.

CANTO VII.

The most remarkable passage here, is, that which unfolds the SARDINIAN TREATY. By which, in consideration of a liberal pension paid by Old England, and her keeping a powerful fleet in the Mediterranean, the King of Sardinia engages to *defend his own territory*; All that the Lion is represented doing on this occasion, is contained in two lines.

“ He rose, and stretch’d himself, then turn’d him round,
Then, laid him down again, upon the ground.”

We quote these lines to shew, that the great *concessions* of the Sardinian Monarch, were not *extorted* by terror, but granted as a voluntary boon, from motives of reciprocal benevolence.

CANTO VIII.

Introduces MR. DUNDASS in close conference with MR. PITT. Mr. Pitt speaks.

" Say my Dundass, be we in a condition,
T' exterminate these Hell-hounds of sedition !
How must we manage in this arduous case,
To save our country ! that is, *keep our place ?*"

MR. DUNDASS answers:

" There is a fatal tendency in all,
To that same something, which they FREEDOM call ;
~~This~~ must be check'd, 'twill make men good and brave,
And then, in vain would we our country save."

MR. PITT replies :

" I know it well, there is a certain cant,
In which who better than myself did rant,
E'er I became a Minister of State,
And hung upon my nod, the Nations fate :
Quick then, Oh Harry dear, thy aid impart ;
Fly to the Senate House, use every art
Expect me not, for I must give away,
Two BRIBES and *fifty Promises* this day."

CANTO IX.

Contains Mr. Duadass's speech in the House of Commons, in which he undertakes to refute those who say the nation is in debt.

"The Nation's creditors do clearly shew
The Nation's credit, not that she does owe;
And tho' 'tis true we much have barrow'd, yet
We never have incurr'd the smallest debt;
For surely I may be allow'd to say,
They nothing owe who *nothing mean to pay!*"

He next applies himself to answer a Right Hon. Member, who had attacked his Majesty's ministers, upon the score of having involved the country in an unnecessary and expensive WAR, contrary to reason, conscience, and commercial policy.

"Is England's glory grown so cheap of late;
Must we in meek humility await;
To be offended, must we not offend?
Oh Gods! then England's glory's at an end!
First perish *commerce, reason, conscience, all,*
E'er we should see this noble crest so fall."

It may here be necessary to observe, that the Lion attends him to the House of Commons. The poetical reader may imagine him at this moment, laying his hand upon the Lion's crest, and gazing at him in seeming rapture : which must have been infinitely finer than the *dagger scene* of Mr. Burke.

" This Beast, who rules the world with Royal sway,
Converted to a fearful Stag at Bay."

He then proves that Bankruptcies, Commercial failures, and Insolvencies, are sure symptoms of the political health of the community; and that a sharp war is to commerce, what the pruning-knife is to the vine; an instrument of timely checking its too great luxuriancy. And it being once admitted that *war is necessary*, the depression of trade and manufactures is the unavoidable consequence. For as long as a people are happy, and can earn a comfortable subsistence by their industry, they will never voluntarily become soldiers, to fight when they have no quarrel. Nothing but ignorance and misery, can make a nation truly warlike. As to sailors, adds he, our excellent Constitution allows of compelling them to go from home, be their situations ever so happy, therefore their knowledge or improvement can never prejudice the state. But it is by keeping the rest of the nation in a sufficient degree of ignorance, to be good *dopes* and good soldiers, at the same time sufficiently laborious and industrious to pay taxes, that his Majesty's present Ministers have rendered such important services.

It was upon reading this speech, that the § — § — § —, of § —, after a long pause, exclaimed in a transport, at the same time flinging the *Great Seal* into the *petty bag*,

bag—That, “by the Sword of Justice, and by the Eternal God, he had never met with such a specimen of constitutional eloquence in his life.”

CANTO X.

The reader has the honor to accompany the Lion to the THEATRE at BRIGHTON, where he appears conspicuous in the Stage Box, attended by a number of illustrious British Heroes. The principal incident of this book, is thus introduced :

“Assist me, Muse, in tuneful strains to sing,
How came this strife, ’twixt liegemen of our King ?
Tell, by what strange disastrous turn of Fate,
Came *mother* CHURCH at odds with *daughter* STATE ?
Thus saith the muse :—A parson, heterodox,
Did preach a sermon, and his name was KNOX ;
Meet name for such a dark and churlish spirit,
Whose envious tongue blasphemes the soldier’s merit ;
Who, like a black and trait’rous fiend, did dare
Prefer the God of Peace t’ the God of War :
Him, British Heroes, brook not——.”

Here follow the names, rank, and qualities, of a chosen band ; who pledge themselves to each other, upon the Honour

nour of Soldiers, *never to be sober,* 'till they have proved their Loyalty upon this offender—

“ And swear by Holy Mars, to wound or kill
All who dare preach of PEACE, or of Good Will.”

Our readers, will, we hope, excuse our suppressing the names of the members of what the Poet calls, the Heroical Association: those who are exceedingly curious, may make themselves masters of the entire work, for the moderate expence of 18 shillings British, in boards, or elegantly bound, gilt, and lettered for a Guinea.—But to return to our task.

The following instance shows, that, next to the immortal Homer, and our own beloved Shakespear, this Poet most eminently possesses the talent of characterising the various *actores fabulae* of his piece, by peculiar and appropriate phrase.—One of the associated Heroes speaks:—

“ Damn his old wig, if we who are to fight!
Do never *question*, whether wrong or right,
Shall such pragmatic Doctors dare to prate,
And talk with disrespect of acts of state?
A fellow too, of a damn'd learned head;
Has written books, forsooth, as well as read!
I would not let such miscreants *speak at all*:
I hate your scholars—Zounds! I'd hang 'em all.
A Parson too: G—d d——n me, there's the thing—
What are *they* for, but to support the King?
What has a Priest to do with right or wrong?
Let him be *loyal*, or else—hold his tongue.”

Next

Next follows a description of the Theatre, its decorations and machinery:—the mirror where VIRTUE sees her own image, VICE her own deformity.

“ And here, the pictur’d canvas doth unfold
Such moving scenes—where, in the times of old,
All conquering Heroes have great armies led;
Or patriots for their country’s cause have bled;
Or sorrowing maids for faithless lovers sigh’d:
Or faithful swains for scornful beauties died—
Where friendship, hatred, jealousy and love,
And whatsoe’er the human passions move,
In living speech and action dress—beguile,
The soul in sweet delusion, wrapt the while:
And, in her turn, the comic Muse pourtrays
The curious follies of more modern days.
But nought a British audience can delight—
Like some big tale, of stern and bloody fight;
Where Richard, Edward, Henry, fam’d in story—
Subdu’d proud France, and gain’d eternal glory!”

Here the Poet descants at great length, upon the triumph which our Monarchs daily enjoy, of styling themselves *Kings of France!*—a subject upon which we confess ourselves unworthy to treat, being dazzled by so great a blaze of Glory.

“ Or where great Y—k, tir’d of a slow campaign,
Threatens the world with a *grand coup de main.*”

Then comes the episode of the General's MARCH TO PARIS, where he is no sooner arrived, than he recollects that he has left his army behind him!—Upon which, he rides up to the gate of *St. Dennis*, and summons the city to surrender. Why it did not comply, the Poet has not sufficiently explained. He only mentions, that the Lion gave three Royal Roars: that the General threw a manifesto over the gate, fired a pistol in the air, pronounced sentence of excommunication in right of his Bishoprick, and returned full of Princely indignation; having, however, the precaution, to present his *face* towards the Lion's *tail*, lest it should be told to posterity that he had ever turned his *back* upon the *enemy*.

The Poet then admires the great shew of Fashion and Beauty which appeared at the Theatre :

“ Where all the charms of wealth and taste combine ;
 Where high-bred Dames midst titled Courtiers shine :
 Soldiers and Swindlers, Mountebanks and Squires,
 And Cyprian Nymphs, kindling unchaste desires ;
 Cuckolds and Cuckold-makers, Bankrupts, Spies,
 Writers of News, that feed the world with lies ;
 Dukes, Gamesters, Lawyers, Poets, Lords and Wits,
 Bishops and Jockey's, Refugees and Cits ;
 Pickpockets, Fortune-hunters, and Physicians,
 Perfumers, Milliners, and Politicians.”

In the back row of a retired box, sat the traitor KNOX :
his wife on one side, on the other his daughter.

“ From Tunbridge, fam’d for tepid fountains, came
This lovely maid—and CLARA was her name ;
And sure there never beam’d to human sight
A Nymph more fair, more exquisitely bright.
Who has not seen chaste Dian’s beauty veil’d,
Beneath a shadowy cloud, and half conceal’d ?
So mild, so pure, so modest, so serene
Appear’d the lovely Clara, half unseen.”

The author has evidently had in his contemplation, that beautiful passage in *Acis and Galatea*. *Ovid. Met. l. 13. f. 8.*

“ *Candidior nivei folio Galatea ligustri.*”

Which Mr. Gay, in his *Oratio*, has translated :

“ Oh nymph ! more bright
Than moonshine night.”

For, without doubt, he means to pun upon the name Clara Knox, or *clara nox*, which our learned readers know, means a clear or bright night. Thus does the authority of this Poet come in to the support of Aristotle, Cicero, and Shakespeare, against those who, relying on the criticisms of *Quintilian* and *Longinus*, contend, that the paragram, paranomasia or pun, is but a spurious sort of wit, the weed of a sterile soil ; and which at best can only be agreeable in trifling compositions :—As Letters, Acrostics, Epigrams, Madrigals, Devices, Motto’s, &c.—but should be for ever banished from the Serious and Sublime.

But

But the most weighty charge against our Author is, that of Jacobinism, as it is well known, that King James never made a Bishop or a Privy Counsellor, who had not at least signalized himself by a *conundrum*. To this we say nothing, being determined to shun all political controversies. Here however, it is proper to observe, that critics have cavilled at the last line of the foregoing description, and doubted as to the author's meaning:—that is to say, whether the half concealment was caused by her sitting in a back row, and being intercepted by those before her; or by her lower half being hid by the front of the box. Or again, whether it might not allude to the fashion of the day, which was to paint and go half naked—as was the custom of the ancient Persians: and a very learned professor, Doctor F——D——, of —— College, in the University of —— has proposed the following reading:

“Appear'd the half of lovely Clara seen,”

As if the other *half only* was concealed by her garments—And indeed it seems very probable that this line has suffered by some ignorant corrector of the press; for to say, that more of her appeared than *was seen*, is a solecism, into which so correct a poet never could have fallen. There are, however, specious objections to this reading, inasmuch as it implies *crooked legs*, or some other deplorable defect in that half of the beautiful CLARA, which was unseen: as the one half not appearing beautiful, is sufficiently accounted for by its *not being seen*; and so far from any implication lying against the other half, if we may be allowed to argue from analogy, the argument is the other way.

However,

However, as we understand the world will shortly be favoured with a second Edition, where this subject will be treated of, no doubt, amongst the *variorum*. We shall beg leave, once for all, to observe that our design is twofold: 1st, As Intelligencers, to publish the general Arguments and Outlines of this wonderful Work—and 2dly, To make such annotations as may be peculiarly acceptable to our more classical readers.

We have already taken up so much time with the Review of the present Canto, that we shall pass over the threats of the *Heroes*; the submission of the *Traitor*; the terrors of his Wife; his being hurled down stairs; the battery of Mrs. Knox, which was executed by a Philosophical Hero, upon this principle; that although many miscreants might not be deterred from preaching CHRISTIANITY and PEACE, by any dangers threatening their *own* persons—yet, the love of a *wife*, or *child* might operate more strongly in *terrorem*, to silence such seditious pedants. His battle description is too much borrowed from other poets; for instance, in the beating of Mrs. Knox—

“This said, a mighty blow the *Hero* made,
Which miss’d her head, but hit her *shoulder-blade*!”

Our readers will perceive a strong resemblance to that passage in Milton—

“A mighty blow he aim’d, which hung not.”

The encounter between the *Little Gentleman* and Miss Knox, is truly interesting, where the poet says:

“Poor gentle Clara, what avail’d thy fan,
Against the prowess of this warlike man:”

This

This expression seems extremely odd: as it stands detached; it is necessary therefore to explain it;—The gentleman who insisted on turning Miss Knox out, was a very *young* Ensign, whose father had interest enough to procure him a commission, by reason he would not mind his books, or do any good at school. Now it will be said, that altho' the power of many of his Majesty's Officers do not so much consist in muscular strength as in the ability they have to *drink their wine*; yet, surely, there is no instance of one that would not be an overmatch for CLARA! whose person is described to be so peculiarly feminine—very true; but as this Gentleman had quaffed bumpers to so many Loyal Toasts, it is probable that, had Clara made good use of her fan, and taken advantage of his *flaggering* among the *benches*, she might have gained a *victory*, as decisive as many that have been gained this war. But her better stars rendered this unnecessary, as the generous LION at the critical moment interfered, and rescued her from the fury of the *little Hero!* assigning as a reason, that, on account of the Platonic affection he had conceived upon a long acquaintance with the virgin in the Zodiac, he never would stand by and see a *true* virgin abused.

“It is for this that thro' the signs I ride,
The lovely virgin perching by my side.”

This generous protection, which the Lion is said to extend to all *true* virgins; occasions the author to exclaim:

“Ye maids of honor, had this fallen on you,
Would your Virginity have proved so *true*?”

This Canto concludes with an encomium on the firm
Loyalty of the British army ;

“ Whom, no regard to beauty, sex, or age,
Nor piety, nor learning can assuage !
Who scorn all arguments, however true,
And deign no answer—but *boo ! damn me boo !*

As we have had a hint, that this last expression contains
some secret of state, we are wise enough to keep clear of it,
particularly as we understand a volume upon that subject
will soon see the light.

REVIEW OF THE

CANTO XI.

Opens in a manner as peculiar as Poetical :

“ Once More the LION and the Duke I sing,
This Prince of men, and that of beasts the King ;
Much with hard blows and adverse fortune vex'd,
By Fate, or evil Geni^{ts}, much perplex'd,
In e^{ry}-enterprize *unjustly* cross'd,
Their spirits broken, and their honor lost ;
Forc'd to retire from Dunkirk's lofty wall,
And leave their ammunition, *Guns* and all.”

Then follow the lamentation of the Lion for the loss of
the cannon :

“ Ye demi-cannon, in an evil hour
Did ye depart from London's stately tow'r ;
Would you had still remain'd, and inert mass,
Of old bell-metal, copper, tin, and brass !
Woe to the day in which you shew'd your face,
Your neck, your muzzle, cascabel and base !
Woe to your touch holes, to your ventrings woe :
Dolphins and trunions, wherefoe'er you go ?
Mouldings and baserings, cornishings and chase,
Ye loud tongu'd heralds of my dire disgrace !”

One is at a loss to conceive any thing more incoherent and sublime than these lamentations; at the same time that they help to discover the universality of our Poet's knowledge, who seems as well versed in the art of cannon-founding, as his Grace of Richmond, so lately said to have gone out of office, where, for the benefit of his Country, whenever that may happen, may the kind Gods long-preserve him.

The Poet next expatiates upon the enormities committed by the Tyrants who govern France; in driving away so gallant an Army, so brave a Prince, and so magnanimous a LION. The remainder of the lamentations seem borrowed from Horace:

*"Nunc retrorsum vala dare atque, iterare cursus cogor
relictos"*—

CARMEN XXXIV.

We are sorry now to wound the sensibility of our readers, by informing them that the LION becomes so dangerously *indisposed*, as to think of making his Will; and we lament, that the narrow limits prescribed to us, prevent our giving an exact copy of that instrument, which, so far as it went, would have been a very original and valuable precedent for all *State Conveyancers*, and a matter of considerable curiosity to our readers, very few of whom, perhaps, have seen a *Lion's Will*! We must, however, content ourselves, with pointing our reader's attention to the work itself; and giving them the preamble, with the substance of each particular item:

"In the name of God, Amen—I, England's Lion,
Being sick at heart, and on the point of dying;
Weary of sinful and vain-glorious strife,
And all the bubbles of this mortal life;
With body ill at ease, and mind in pain,
This my last Will, and Testament ordain."

He then appoints his Executors, [Messrs. Pitt, Dundas, and Burke] and directs them to inter his Body in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster-Abbey, and to erect a plain and humble Monument, bearing the following inscription:

"Hither, O curious stranger, turn thine eyes,
Beneath this stone Old England's LION lies:
Too long the scourge of human kind—too long
The boastful theme of many an idle song;
Too long of crafty Ministers, the tool—
To say the best—a brave and gen'rous fool."

This contrition in so noble an Animal, is prodigiously affecting.—He then bequeaths:

To his RIGHT HEIRS, for ever, his Hereditary Revenue, and *Three Hundred Millions of Debt !!!*

To the EMPRESS of all the RUSSIAS, in consideration of her truly Christian Virtues, her steady support of the Alliance, her *benevolent* exertions in promoting the cause of Justice and Humanity in POLAND, and of her generous forgiveness of his roaring relative to Oczakow;—He devises all the territory between the rivers *Bog* and *Nieper*, and, as much more, as her Imperial Majesty can *stride over*.

To his well-beloved Cousin, LEOPOLD, Emperor of Germany, King of Hungary and Bohemia, Archduke of Austria, &c. &c. &c. He directs his Executors, three months after his decease, to transfer 500,000*l.* interests or shares in the joint stock of 3 per Cent. Consol Annuity, in the proper books kept for that purpose at the Bank of England, in consideration of the said LEOPOLD having taken

to himself, by and with the assistance of the British Army, the city of Valenciennes, and the towns of Conde and Quefnoy.

To his loving Cousin the King of SARDINIA, &c. &c. He bequeaths a farther legacy of 2,000,000*l.* in consideration of the Pension of 200,000*l.* which the said King so generously accepts of from the British Nation, and for his *disinterested* efforts in defending *his own territory*.

To the Most Catholic King of SPAIN, &c. &c. he devises all his personal and real Estates in Nootka Sound, which lately cost testator the sum of *three millions*, more or less, in making out his title to the same; and, lest the said King should be in want of ready money, Testator bequeaths him the whole of the *Manilla Ransom*!

To the Unfortunate STANISLAUS, titular King of *part* of Poland, he bequeaths—*his blessing*!

The Republican United States of AMERICA he *leaves to themselves*! as he most devoutly wishes he had left the *French*!

To the Right Hon. Mr. WILLIAM PITT, he leaves all and singular, the West-India Islands, and other Islands taken and to be taken, in the course of the present “Just and necessary War,”—and all the profits and advantages to be derived to Commerce from the said War; in consideration of the immense sums of money expended in *secret services* in France, and of the present wars having been undertaken by his advice.

To the Right Hon. EDMUND BURKE, he leaves the *Hat* and *Coat* of Prince *Adolphus* to be hung up in his Cabinet, with the other relicks of Chivalry; as likewise “*Bottom’s*

Dream," so called, because it has no bottom; to be bound up with his late Political Tracts, and other works of *Imagination*.

To his Grace the DUKE of RICHMOND, all his right and title to, and interest in, the cannon and stores, left behind at Dunkirk.

To the Right Hon. Mr. DUNDAS, all the profits and emoluments whatsoever, wheresoever, and whensoever, which the kingdom of Great-Britain has derived, or may hereafter derive, from the numerous *Bankruptcies*, which the present WAR has occasioned, or may hereafter occasion.

To the town of LIVERPOOL, in consideration of its Humanity, and Charity, he leaves all his right and title, to the race of Men called *Negroes*, inhabiting the country from the river Senegal on the North, to the Dutch settlements in the South, and Eastward to the coast of Mozambique—and his will and intention is, that they and their descendants shall be *slaves* to the said corporation for ever!

To Sir JAMES MURRAY and the magnificent SAMUEL Lord HOOD, he bequeaths (to be held by them as tenants in common, and not as joint-tenants) the *Universal Spelling Book*, an *English Grammar*, *Reading Made Easy*, and the complete *Letter-Writer*; in consideration of the *Extraordinary Gazettes* lately published.

To the Prince of ORANGE, in consideration of his defeat at *Menin*, and the many disgraces he has sustained in his persecution of Republican principles, he leaves the free fishery of the *Scheld*, with liberty for his Royal Highness to take the diversion of skating upon the ice during the winter.

Thus

Thus far had he proceeded, when a trumpeter arrived with the reviving account of the great friendship and love which subsists between Don JUAN DE LANGARA AND HUARTE, and his Excellency SAMUEL, Lord HOOD, (*quoniam* may God preserve a thousand years) and of his Lordship's having caused the hot-headed democrat ST. JULIEN (who had previously ran away under the protection of the Meleager and Tartar, supported by the Egmont, Robust, Courageux, and Colossus,) to mount into the great fort of Malgue, where they were all safe when the messenger left them at noon on the 23th of August. This latter passage cannot be well understood, but by those who have read the London Gazette of the 15th September, containing his Excellency's very *lucid* dispatches; it is proper likewise to mention in this place that there is now in the press, and speedily will be published by order of the board of Admiralty, a new work, entitled,

“EPITEIKISMA PLOION ANABASIS?”

OR, THE

“ASCENT OF SHIPS INTO FORTS & CITIES,”

In which this modern-improvement in naval tactics, will be fully explained and illustrated, with many useful plates; to which the curious reader is referred. To return from this digression,

The LION had no sooner heard this exhilarating and comfortable news, than he starts up in a transport, and as the poet expresses it—

“With powerful shake, threw off disease and pain,
And swore by Mars, he'd to the wars again:
Snatch'd up his Will, cried Huzza! clear the way;
And, with one bound, he landed at TORBAY.”

We have him now on the heights of Torbay, surveying Lord HOWE's fleet, which was moored below him, in the form of a *Crescent*; whilst he is musing upon this sight, and pondering what the figure can mean, he is accosted by Mr. BURKE, who had been wandering over these heights in deep meditations, upon the same subject—and who presents him his choice of the following conjectures:

1st. That the *Crescent*, is meant to represent the encreasing glory of Old England.

2d. That it was an Armorial-bearing, serving to distinguish the second son, and his descendants; which is the more probable, as it is evident he is not of the race of Seventh Sons; for then he might, and no doubt would have been an excellent Physician, and have killed more Men, than he is doing at present.

3d. Or perhaps, that his Lordship had made this disposition, the better to protect the homeward bound West-India fleet; which, if it has the good fortune to escape the enormities and depredations daily committed by the *turbulent* and *bot-headed Democrats*;—so as once to get within this *Crescent*, might ride extremely commodiously.

4th. That the *Crescent* being the Turkish symbol, it might probably be meant to celebrate the birth-day of the Grand Turk.—To use the words of the poet Plautus, in his *Captivi*:

“Quia natalis est dies.”

To whom, the Lion determined not to be outdone in curtesy and classical compliment, replies in the words of the same Poet:

“Propterea a te vocari me ad canam volo,”

Intimating

Intimating that he was hungry, and wished to be invited to supper; upon which they adjourn to the next ale-house, where the Poet leaves them, and again gratifies his readers with a dialogue between Mr. PITT and Mr. DUNDASS; the sum of which is, that they agree to make use of the LION, [who, we can no longer conceal it from our readers is, as well as Mr. BURKE, owing we suppose to his late disasters, somewhat given to raving and raging] towards the filling up the new loan: as it is agreed by both that in the present period of public calamity and discontent, there is no other resource. The reader must not however suppose that this great and Constitutional Lion, is to go about, extorting benevolences or loans, or ship-money, or other tax not imposed by Parliament: measures of oppression, which the loyalty of modern Parliaments, renders perfectly unnecessary; which are always as ready to give as the Minister to ask. But to be brief—the new scheme is neither more nor less than this; to set up the LION for an ORACLE; to make Mr. BURKE interpret his roarings, which being translated into prose, by Mr. ROSA of the Treasury, may be dispatched by Under-Secretaries, and Commissioners of the Revenue to—

“Sovereigns, and burgessees, tide-waiters, rectors,
Collectors of the ports, and hearth-collectors;
Sub-sheriffs, justices, excisemen, gaugers,
Who straight may say forth and offer wagers.”

The project which the Poet here discloses sufficiently accounts for *certain rumours*, which have been current, of late; it certainly proves, if any such proof were wanting, that his Majesty's present Minister possesses a *mind* of infinite resource.

CANTO XII.

Opens with the following Invocation :

“ Ye bounteous gods, vouchsafe my prayer, and grant—
 Whatever I may wish whatever want,
 Daughters of Jove, thy votary inspire,
 With all the raptures of Poetic fire ;
 Make me to utter most transcendant lays,
 Feed me with honey, crown my locks with bays ;
 Give me to soar above all mortal view,
 Unequall’d, and unrivall’d, but by you—
 That even Burke, Sublime—may seem below,
 But as a Turkey Buzzard, or a Crow ;
 And thou, oh ! light of life, blest’d Phœbus, shed
 Thy brightest radiance round thy Poet’s head,
 And wing’d foot Hermes, let me by thy side
 Thro’ all the distance of creation ride ;
 From every planet let me snatch a ray,
 T’ outshine the splendor of meridian day ;
 And Pallas sage, no other fav’rite own,
 But pour thy treasures out to me alone.”

It has been said that this invocation is not extremely modest, and favors too much of a monopolizing spirit ; but the world must confess, that it is as original as bold, and that our Poet, like the Right Hon. the P——, of T—— C——, is one that will not want for asking.

Next

Next follows the expedition of the Horse-Guards, who are sent to conduct the LION and his new companion from the ale-house at Torbay [where we left them] to Court; where the latter kisses hands on his appointment of Priest, of the **TEMPLE OF THE CONSTITUTION**; expressly made out for him under the Great Seal, with what salary the Poet has not said, but we suppose something very handsome, to overcome the contempt he has heretofore expressed for such dangling bits of wax—unless, indeed, the splendor of so high an advancement might have prevailed with him; this office being represented as more honorable than that hereditary one of High Constable of England, which was long thought too great for any subject, and actually expired with Edward, Duke of Buckingham, who was attainted of high treason, Anno, 13 Hen. 8. The principal difference between the two Offices seem to be, that the former, according to Gwin, handled all matters touching War within the realm—as Combats, blazoning of Arms, &c. which might not be determined at the common law; whereas the latter expounds the law of God, of Nations, of Chivalry, and of Battle, not only within the Realm, but throughout the World.

No sooner was the Priest, or Prophet, as the Poet henceforth denominates him, arrayed in his sooth-saying attire, and possessed of his pontifical wand, and girded with his prophetic girdle, in which was inserted his parliamentary dagger, than he proposes explaining to his new ward the sublime and mysterious beauties of this venerable edifice, The LION, whose unsuspecting generosity had hitherto taken every thing for granted, and whose curiosity indeed had never been raised upon the subject, readily closes with the proposal; nothing doubting, that what was so glorious, in the entire, would be no less wonderful and captivating

in

in the detail; the prophet then after thrice embracing him, proceeds—

“ Most noble and redoubted LION bold,
 Know that the glories which you here behold,
 Beneath this temple’s venerable dome,
 Are to the proudest boasts of Greece or Rome—
 Even, as the spacious firmament on high,
 Is to the frail crust of a mutton pye.
 The wonder of all nations centers here;
 Thy mighty image fills the world with fear;
 What isle or desert has not heard the story,
 Of ENGLAND’S LION and of England’s Glory.”

On pronouncing these last words, he points to the Lion’s image, and falls into an attitude of fond admiration, which had such an effect upon the feelings of this most noble creature, that he involuntarily threw his fore paws about the neck of the prophet, and in this manner, both one and t’other remained motionless, speechless, and suspended, for the space of many minutes. Never, perhaps, since the days of NISUS and EURYALUS, did there exist so sincere and unreserved a friendship, never was sympathy so true; Alas! how fugitive and transitory are the most delightful emotions of the heart—but to return,

If this fabrick were comparable to any thing earthly, proceeded the Prophet (recovering from his transport), it would be to that magnificent amphitheatre at Rome, which has been properly denominated *Amorphus*, consisting of so many sides, curves and angles, as to baffle all measurement, and set description at defiance; or to that inextricable labyrinth in Crete, in which it was impossible to ex-
 patiate

patiate without being lost ; as it is impossible to contemplate the intricacies of this sublime structure, and not to be involved in wonder and in doubt. And as this Island stands alone, like a bright gem on the bosom of the Ocean, which occasioned the poet of antiquity, to say of its inhabitants, that, they were "*penitus toto derivos orbo Britannos,*" so may this TEMPLE be justly styled, the envy of all nations, the glory of the earth, the boast of antiquity, and the nation's pride :—The origin or foundation of it is, according to the best historians, lost in the clouds of antiquity, which proves it *divine*, and also that it must have been *began above*, and *built downwards*, as indeed the greater part of it is to this day in the clouds.

We have endeavoured to give our readers some slight idea of the lively encomiums which our Poet puts into the mouth of his Prophet, and which prove him fully to have conceived the beauty of that fine sentence of Cicero, "*Hæc venia antiquitati datur, ut permiscendo humana divinis primordia civitatum augustiara sunt,*" for he says,

"No record is of such antiquity,
No tale or legend reaches half so high."

From which lines, the most learned classical commentators, agree in inferring, that he must have been utterly unacquainted with the very curious tradition of *Jack and the Bean Stock*, the marvellous incidents of which, have caused many well meaning persons, to consider it as fabulous.

The Prophet next leads his Ward to a remote and obscure corner of the TEMPLE, extremely rude and simple in its structure, where, in ragged niches were disposed the mouldering

ing statues of the BRITISH DRUIDS; these says he, are the most antient of all our historians. Although ignorant of letters, they possessed, according to Cæsar, all the learning of the Western world—with those Harps, which you perceive in their hands, which are indeed much decayed and disfigured by the cankering tooth of time; they were used to accompany the sweet melody of their voices, and to sing forth the praises of the virtuous and the brave; happy had they at all times confined themselves to the *constitutional* and *lawful* celebration of the victorious and the strong; happy had they understood the true distinction between *de jure* and *de facto*; so might they have escaped the disgraceful punishments inflicted on them in after times, by the royal mandates of the conquering EDWARD. He then points out the rude sculpture, which represents the throwing them down the tremendous cliffs, where their mangled bodies were either dashed to pieces on the rocks below—or, as the Poet says,

“ Precipitated headlong in the flood,
Tinging the green wave with their crimson blood.”

From which period, the eldest son of each successive English Monarch, has been justly styled PRINCE OF WALES. Here the Lion expressed some degree of disgust at this cruelty inflicted upon such seemingly harmless and defenceless Minstrels, but the Prophet assures him, that it was an act of the most necessary severity; for that nothing so impedes the subjugation of a country, as the bold and animating strains of their Poets and Orators: witness TYRTÆUS, the lame Poet of the Thebans—witness the history of PHILIP of Macedon, who could never subdue the liberties of Greece till the Orators of Athens were first delivered into his power.

Mr.

Mr. Evans, indeed, in his Latin dissertation “De Bardis,” has not scrupled to insert the following *seditionous* words: “*Cum Cambrian in suam potestatem redegeret Edwardus primus, in Bardos saviit instar tyranni, et multos suspendi fecit.*”—“No sooner had Edward the First conquered Wales, than he began to exercise the most tyrannical cruelties against the Bards, and caused great numbers of them to be hanged.” We would have such authors cautious what they say of tyranny, for as the Prophet intimates to the Lion:

“Altho’ we do not break upon the Wheel,
Yet we have Prisons strong as the Basile.”

And we would have the world to know, that such wholesome severities have never been disused, and that hearing a *seditionous* hurdy gurdy play “*Ca Ira*,” without revealing it to the King, or his Privy-Council, is, at this day, in a certain country, enough to ground a sentence of transportation to the North Pole for FOURTEEN YEARS, together with imprisonment amongst the felons in the Hulks; and that in the case alluded to, the sentence, but for the *tender mercies* of Lord SWINTON, would have been infinitely severer:—And indeed, it is only by the comparison with the cruelties exercised in other countries, both ancient and modern, that the benignity of the British laws can be truly estimated; for what is the disgrace of *shaving the head*, and banishment to savage and deadly climates, in the habits and amidst the society of murderers and robbers—compared to cutting off the eye-lids, and the other lingering tortures inflicted by a people once thought civilized, upon REGULUS—whose patriotic virtues were little less outrageous; and his being a foreign enemy does not weaken the observation—for there is no enemy so deadly at times, as a VIRTUOUS and PATRIOTIC Citizen.

We are now come to a passage, which has given rise to a variety of opinions. By a natural association of ideas, the succession of which is always rapid in a mind so fertile and so active, the Author actually conceives that he sees the ATTORNEY GENERAL perusing his work, and exclaims—

“ Forbear Attorney General, to pry,
With eager and inquisitorial eye,
Into my works: Ah! never let them be,
On skin of sheep engross’d, and read by thee;
Say not with *force* and *arms*, that I did write
These verses, nor that malice did indite;
Or I will plead not guilty, for in sooth,
I would inculcate nothing but the truth.”

The Attorney General is supposed to answer:

“ The more the truth, the greater still the Libel.”

The Poet replies:

“ Oh Crowns and Scepters! have you read your Bible?
Peers of the jury, I appeal to you,
Will you convict a Bard for speaking true?
Protect me rather, and perhaps e’re long,
My Muse may treat you to another song.”

Not to trouble our readers with the endless conjectures of the learned, we conceive this to be no more than one of those playful liberties, which the facetious HORACE knew so well when and how to take, without giving offence to his august patron. Introducing the BIBLE so shortly after invoking the Heathen Gods, has been thought an inconsistent

sistent jumble of sacred and profane, but it is sanctioned by authority of the two greatest Christian Poets, MILTON and TASSO.

The Prophet next points out the chiefs amongst the Romans, the Picts, the Angles, the Jutes, the Saxons, and the Danes, who invading each other in their turns, enriching this TEMPLE from time to time, by dedications of their sublime philosophy. He then shews how the Heptarchy had divided the TEMPLE into seven distinct parts, until King EGBEET swallowed up the Heptarchy, whose grandson ALFRED, in a most masterly manner, levelled the partitions, and new modelled the whole, working up the old discordant materials upon a plan that was to endure for ages. Then follows King EDGAR, who, and his grandson EDWARD the Confessor, are said to have laid the first solid foundation of that bountiful redundancy of English *common law*, which has been happily preserved, and daily encreasing, so as to contain at this day, together with the *statute law*, the accumulated mysteries of near one thousand years! the brief and complete index to which, is of itself enough for the loading of a cart! and this is the perfection of reason! And as every individual is said to carry public records and acts of parliament in his breast, how *wise* and great a Nation must this be!!!

He then descants upon the origin of Parliaments, that is to say, assemblies of the wisest and best men in the Nation; the election of magistrates by the people, and even of their Kings; at which he discovered no small impatience —

“ That ever such unworthy stain, should be,
Upon the lustre of dread Sovereignty.”

But experience added he, has proved the inglorious absurdity of such savage enormities and since the great accession of glory at the Norman Conquest, the Magistrates have been principally as they are at this happy day, entirely at the nomination of the ———, Here he knelt down, and called upon the LION to do the same, who excused himself, on account of the stately form of his body, which rendered such a posture both awkward and inconvenient; but consented to squat down upon his haunches. The Prophet reluctantly accepted this apology, and bending his face to the earth, after waving his wand in something like the figure of a cross, and licking up several mouthfuls of dust, he pronounced in a tone of deep humility, that awful word — the CROWN! Then slowly rising from his devotion, he shews him WILLIAM the *Conquistior*, (not Conqueror) or more legally speaking, William the Purchaser, seated on *Doomsday Book*, receiving the homage and surrender of the lands of such as were worthy of the honour of doing homage, that is—devoting themselves upon their knees to be his men of life, and of limb, and all earthly honour; and acknowledging that their lives and properties, their wives and children; nay, the very elements that nourished them, were no more than a generous boon granted by this merciful and condescending Prince. Having thus explained to him the doctrine of Allegiance, he proceeds to enumerate the advantages of *hereditary succession*; but who can recount, says he, the numerous contests in cases of minority, turning upon that sublime problem, whether the next of kin should reign as King or as Protector—Who can relate the magnanimous wars of YORK and LANCASTER, and the glorious banners under which they respectively distinguished themselves?

“ These ranged beneath the red and bloomy Rose;

Those the pale badge of death and anger chose.”

But

But the wars which may be justly styled immortal, and those which have raised the name of your Highness the LION OF OLD ENGLAND, to the most triumphant pitch of glory, were those in which our Monarchs have victoriously assumed to themselves, the well earned Crown of France. He then points out the gallant heroes of Agincourt and Cressy—where is the other nation that can boast, added he, of wars which last for centuries as well as lawsuits, which endure from generation to generation?

He then goes back to the statue of EDWARD the first, the conqueror of Scotland and of Wales, who is represented in the act of conferring nobility on his vassal KIRKPATRICK, who, when news was brought that the seditious WALLACE; (who has been properly styled of late, the Caractacus of Scotland) had not yet expired, from the wounds of his assassins, ran out with his drawn dagger to secure him, and inflicted many wounds upon the prostrate body; for which honourable zeal, his descendants at this day, rejoice in the crest of a bloody dagger, and the apt motto of "I will secure him," which manifestly shews, how exquisitely glorious an endowment is true nobility.

The Lion for a considerable time past, had been inattentive to the words of the Prophet, being entirely occupied by the attractions of a noble and truly warlike figure, bearing a shield, upon which was displayed the most striking image of himself, which the Prophet perceiving—

"His breast began to heave, his eye to roll,
Which spoke the deep emotion of his soul."

And he exclaims——

“ Lo ! here your mighty Ancestor you see,
Who led the feats of holy chivalrie—
Behold him rampant on the warriors shield,
Protect his Sov'reign in the bloody field :
Be there such heroes now ? alas not one !
For why—the age of chivalrie is gone !”

Here he was relieved from suffocation by a profuse torrent of tears. He then points out the statue of that dread Monarch, who first acquired the glorious title of “ *Defender of the Faith*,” and “ *Supreme Head of the Church* ;” whose history is represented in a beautiful basso relievo, divided into several compartments. In one, he is playing at bowls with the heads of his Wives ; in another, plucking the Pope by the beard : in another, disputing with Lambert the Schoolmaster, whom he threatens with instant death, which our readers know he did not fail to accomplish. His Bishops are here standing behind his chair, loudly applauding his humanity and pious learning. In another he is surrounded by gibbets, axes and faggots, to which he condemns such as cannot solve to his satisfaction, the Enigma, why he was in all things the most pious Prince and tender father of his people. In another he is ironically patting the head of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and threatening to take off that little head, if his bill was not passed by nine o'clock.

“ So glorious, and in Majesty so dread,
The *Faith's* defender, and the *Church's* head.”

Then follows the glorious ELIZABETH, who so well knew how to circumvent and destroy such as pleased her
not ;

not; whose powerful sway made the Nations tremble, and who effectually humbled and put to scorn, the mad pretence of a misguided Parliament to independence. Next after her, sat the learned King JAMES, quaintly dogmatizing in his Courts of Justice, expounding the law, and marking the true distinctions in difficult and intricate cases of witchcraft, in whose person was restored the lineal heir of EDGAR ATHELING, the true inheritor of the English Nation, who had been excluded for five or six centuries! such is the force, and such the inestimable blessings, of hereditary succession; and thus did Divine Providence, after so many usurpations and transitions, raise his right heir to the throne of his ancestors; and continue his lineal succession therein for four descents, with the interruption of only—one long Parliament, one Beheading, one Usurpation, one Abdication, attended by an inconsiderable number of Rebellions and civil Wars. Passing by the religious glories of the TUDORS and the STEWARTS, and amongst them of the Princess, who was styled for pre-eminence, *bloody* QUEEN MARY, I come to the glories of that Revolution, which, under Providence, preserved us from wooden shoes, and left us free to go barefoot;—That Revolution, the manifold blessings of which are best expressed by the zealous ebullitions of the loyal Antijabbinical and enlightened Alderman of Skinner's Alley;—but, over this, and all succeeding periods, hangs an awful veil which profane hands may not draw aside, nor vulgar eyes pervade. It is in my sublime and incomprehensible works alone, that those mysteries are revealed, but that your Highness may not remain in utter ignorance, I will teach you a creed, containing all which one who aspires like your redoubted Highness, to shine in the field, and not in the cabinet—need know. He then desires him to repeat after him to this effect:

"I believe in the mysteries of this Glorious Temple, as expounded to me by the Prophet Edmund. I believe in God Almighty as by law established. I believe that the subjects of this realm are inheritable subjects, but I believe they are inheritable in no other manner or form than that pointed out at the Glorious Revolution, and explained in the books of the Prophet Edmund—and that he who thinks otherwise is an Atheist and guilty of a libel, with force and arms, against the Glorious Revolution. I believe that the law of Primogeniture is the law of nature. I believe that Kings are the fountain of all honour, justice, wisdom, and mercy; and that Lords are *by birth* Judges, Legislators, and Counsellors. I believe that in the fictions of the law, is contained all the Equity of the law. I believe in the immortality and ubiquity of Kings. I believe Pork and Soldiers to be the necessities of war, and I believe it to be inglorious in any Prince, excepting only the Allies of Great Britain, to receive any price by the head for Soldiers, or by the barrel for Pork, expended in war. I believe in the unity of Church and State. I believe in the omnipotence of Parliament, consisting of three independant estates, of King representing *himself*, Lords representing *themselves*, and Commons representing *themselves*. I believe that the Swinish Multitude are born only to labour and be governed, and I believe that standing army, national debt, revenue, tax-gathering, pensions, places, ecclesiastical patronage, tythes, bribes, tests, informations, penalties and press-gangs, together with all manner of influence, amicable or hostile, direct or indirect, are the means of governing most consistent with true glory. I believe that the idleness and voluptuousness of Absentee Bishops, is essential to true glory.

"I believe that there is such a divine glory in ALL Kings or Queens, at all moments of their Royal existence, from
the

the cradle to the crutch, that the fate of millions is happily pendant upon their caprice ; that whensoever, with whomsoever, and for whatsoever their dread Majesties may be inclined to go to War, it is a high crime and misdemeanor to enquire ; and that the duty of a liege subject is, to despise peace, prosperity, domestic endearments, personal danger, private judgment, and public tranquillity ; and to fly if commanded, to the remotest corner of the earth, to carry fire and desolation amongst those who may by any means become obnoxious to his dread Sovereign, fellow citizens as well as strangers : until it shall please Kings to restore to Nations the blessings of peace, on which I believe that thanksgivings should be returned for the mercy of Kings, and publick fasting be ordained ; and I believe that it is from that moment, lawful for the subject to begin to fear God, and to be in charity with all mankind. And, I believe that the death of one King like some awful calamity in nature, is more terrible than the *depopulation* of half the earth ! I believe that MAGNA CHARTA, BILL OF RIGHTS, and HABEAS CORPUS, are of great use to amuse the multitude ; And I believe, that "RULE BRITANNIA," and "The SOVEREIGNS of the SEA," are exquisite Songs for the same purpose."

He then explains to him how, in a country where primogeniture prevails, it is but justice to younger brothers to go to War ; and, that as some of our most magnanimous Monarchs have been obliged to unpeople and turn into forest, large tracts of the Kingdom for their Royal diversion ; so those who enjoy by Royal Grant, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, (here he explains the Game Laws, &c.) have no way so good of getting rid of the prejudicial encrease of the Swinish Multitude ; and if for nothing else, the present War is *glorious* for this, as the Poet says—

That

"That Gentlemen of figure may resort,
To Wastes and Defarts, there to take their sport."

After this he leads him to another Gallery, at the farther end of which was represented the NATIONAL JUSTICE, holding a sword in the one hand in an attitude to strike; and in the other a balance with which to weigh the *purfes* of the contending parties. He then points out the great variety of august personages who had adorned the judgment-seat since first—

"Our bare-leg'd ancestors depicted were,
Dispensing justice in the open air."

Incidentally explaining the numerous forms of trial which had succeeded each other, viz. the confined or choak-bit; the fire and water ordeal; the trial by battle; that by wager of law, and compurgation; that by jury with statute felonies, capital punishments, benefit of clergy, and *peine forte et dure*; the jury of matrons *de ventre inspiciendo*; summary convictions by justices, and commissioners of the revenue; and concludes with a brief account of a trial by information in B. R. filed *ex officio*, by the King's Attorney General; comparing it occasionally with the High Court of Justiciary, to which latter he gives a decided preference. He then explains the old learning of—

"Property allodial and in fee
Of gavel-kind, descent and warranty;
Of livery, of seisin, and of Bolkland,
Of grand and petty serjeanty, and Folkland;
Of villainage, of free and common socage,
Antient demesne, knight service, and of cornage;
Of marriage, of wardship, and reliefs,

Of

Of forfeitures, entails, and Royal shies;
Cetui que trust, pour autre vie, abeyance,
 Prerogative, pre-emption, and purveyance;
 Of forest charters, mort-mains, dispensations,
 Heir looms, prime seifins, fines for alienations;
 Statutes of premunires and of treasons,
 Enacted all, for *Great and Royal* reasons."

All which and a hundred times more, it is necessary to know, as my Lord Coke observes, for the understanding how the Law is at this day.

The Lion, whose imagination was still haunted by the noble image on King RICHARD's shield, had listened with little pleasure to this dry disquisition. "*Rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet.*"

"For in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
 Good faith he was no wiser than *a daw!*"

But even had his mind been perfectly free, it is not probable he would have taken pleasure in a science, of which the great Oracle above quoted, has himself said, that—"ever with encrease of knowledge cometh encrease of doubt"—fearing therefore, that our readers may be as little recreated by it, we pass on to the more interesting subject of *church and state*, which was represented in Fresco by the lively and descriptive emblems—

"Of axe, of faggot, and of brimstone flame,
 And holy martyrs, broiling at the same;
 Here Calvinist, and Lutheran in turn,
 Here witches, Arians, and Socinians burn;

Rejoicing

Rejoicing in their quaint doxology,
 And spurning to the last all false theology;
 Here placid hereticks, resign'd and smiling,
 There harden'd sinners, at the stake reviling,
 Bishops, and reverend fathers do look on
 To see, that, (pious care) God's will be done.
 And-store of soldiers at their backs do stand,
 T' enforce their mandates, and high heav'n's command.
 Here the dread-glories of a civil war,
 And there the lesser of domestic jar.
 The Christian heroes here the Turk invade,
 With all the burning fury of crusade—
 And shoals of Pilgrims flock to Palestine,
 Materials grand, and workmanship divine.
 In the back ground a Batiment there stood,
 Of brick the body, and the spire of wood;
 The *tanons* of the *church* were plac'd within,
 To guard the place, from gross and carnal sin:
 Without, were rang'd the *cannon* of the *state*,
 Those sacred harbingers of awful fate;
 Round which the cunning artist did entwine,
 Poësies, which shew'd their mission was *divine*.
 Hard by a holy man of God did dwell,
 Who either cannon could expound full well;
 A portly man, and goodly to behold,
 Of *Church* and eke of *State*, the Champion bold!"

Our Poet in treating of Church and State cannons, evidently resumes his favorite figure of the Panagram or Pun. By *poësies*, he must mean certain motto's, such as the "*Ratio Ultima Regum*," or, Right Reason of Kings, which LEWIS

XIV.

XIV. ordered to be labelled upon his Ordnance; or that more pious Device of the devout and holy CROMWELL—
 “Open our lips Oh Lord, and we shall shew forth thy
 “Praise.”—To ascribe to a cannon a Divine Mission, is
 nothing new, of which one instance out of a hundred is
 that of the Twelve Apostles which CHARLES the FIFTH
 caused to be cast at Malaga, for his expedition to Tunis;
 as in many Christian countries, for they have been honoured
 with the names of the most worshipped Saints !!!

It was in the house above described, that the following
 prayer was offering up, “Oh God who art the author of
peace and lover of *concord*, in knowledge of whom stand-
 eth our eternal *life*, whose service is *perfect freedom*;
 when an armed band entered, and by the sound of their
 drums, the clashing of their arms, and their martial
 appearance, greatly strengthened the images of *peace*, *con-*
cord, *life*, and *perfect freedom*, and produced the happiest
 effect on the minds of the audience. They are represented
 also to have been furnished with *knapsacks*

“As waiting, only till the word were given,
 To force a march, and storm a breach in heaven!”

But to return to the LION. So greatly had his fancy
 been captivated, by the lovely image on the shield, that
 instead of listening to the discourse of the Prophet, he
 had done nothing but practise the attitude he so much ad-
 mired; he would therefore stand upon his hind legs stretch-
 ing forth his fore feet, as if in the act of climbing, lolling
 out his tongue, and opening his jaws most marvellous
 wide, at the same time glaring with his eyes, so as to throw
 into his countenance a sufficient portion of terrifying
 fierceness: had this been all, it was no more than he could

well accomplish; had this been a Lion proper, he himself was as proper a piece of Lion's flesh as any in Numidia; but unhappily, it was that Lion Gules, or red Lion, in which sign painters so much delight: the difficulty then was how to stain his body of that colour—Our Poet declares (and he is surely to be believed upon his oath), that he would at this moment have given forty shillings for half a pound of Spanish brown, and that he had serious thoughts of drawing as much blood from the Prophet, as would stain at least that side of his head which corresponded with the visible side of his progenitor on the shield.

The Prophet having with difficulty recalled his attention, next shews him the THREE ESTATES which he compares to a three tiered Galley; and shews him how the LORDS, for more distinction, are supported by Griffins, Wyverns, Unicorns, and other rare and curious wild beasts; and how the COMMONS, who are supposed to be more robust, support themselves: how notwithstanding, they all pride in deriving their origin from ancient and glorious plunderers and murderers, yet many of the most shining amongst them, are descended from that innocent and servile race of villains, who were formerly confined to the base culture of the earth! and who, at the time of glorious Magna Charta, and long after, continued to be bought and sold with the land; and whose death, at the passing of that great charter, was not half so penal as that of a beast. So *glorious* was Magna Charta! He then shews him the cloud which respectively envelopes each of the three Estates, (first swearing him upon the Court Calender, never to reveal what he saw, nor to pry further into any mystery than he had leave to do) the *Cloud* he calls *prerogative* and *privilege*, which is so shadowy, so fleeting, so changeable, that no man may judge either of its nature or

extent

extent ; every experiment which has hitherto been made, tending only to the destruction of the rash over-zealous adventurer ; who like the elder PLINY, chuses to risque his safety for the sake of his philosophy.—He then points to certain pictures hanging invertedly, and with the figure turned to the wall—to *look* upon any of which, he added, was a libel with *force* and *arms* upon the Revolution !

During this period the LION had (we blush to say it) disregarded his oath, and, goaded by a strong desire of seeing some other image as delightful as that which had so forcibly invaded his imagination on the shield, he ventured to turn up the picture of TOM PAINE—

“ Which with grim haggard look, the Prophet ey’d
Like Hamlet, when his fathers ghost he spied—”

And at length broke out into the following rhapsody :

“ TOM PAINE, mild Cathegus, moderate Cataline—
Muir--Reynolds--Palmer--Dry--Day--Sessions--Swine;
But he’s out-lawed !—Bond--Butler--Hampden--Sidney ;
There’s Erskine !—plunge *my dagger* in his kidney !
Is *Lions* then no longer in our power ?
Yet—still we have the *Lions* in the Tower—
Catch me that Fox !—ah me !—my wandering wit—
And Cobourg too, o’erthrown—Oh !—BILLY PITT ! !

The Lion being little struck with the beauty of Mr. PAINE, repaired to the Three Estates, and first to the Commons ; where penetrating to the very middle of the sacred mist, he asked—who sent them there, and whose business they were about ?—and without waiting for an answer, flew like a Dragon into the midst of that august Assembly,

composed of Lords temporal and spiritual ; demanding in a tone somewhat uncourtly, whether they were as *wise* as their Great Grand-fathers ? and whether their Great Grand-sons would be as *wise* as they ? and whether they loved their King—their Country—or *Themselves* best ?—But here his indignation was greatly excited by the number of wild beasts, Panthers, Leopards, Tygers and numberless others, the sworn and *natural* enemies to his lawful way : and the Poet intimates that he would not long have tarried to take vengeance on them, but that he was restrained by looking

up Unicorn
 whether it was true that he was immortal ?
 could be every where ?
 eat, drank or slept, and what he dreamed
 of ? make him a Viscount ?
 if it was not possible for him to do any
 was no lack in him ?
 why he never paid costs ? how he could be the father
 of so many people ? When the Prophet entered into a
 prodigious rage, attended by 6000 *Neapolitans*, lately taken
 into British pay, mounted on the *saddles* exported under the
 Royal Proclamation to Toulon—(Whether they had
 horses, does not appear) who seize him behind his back and
 convey him to the Tower, that part of this Temple, which
 was best suited to his capacity, being most simple in its
 structure, and intelligible as to its use.—The Prophet direct-
 ing his attendants to bind him fast, and spare no correction,
 for that no Demi-God—

“ Would ever utter forth prophetic strains,
 ‘Till first he found himself, fast bound in chains !
 Of Proteus and Silenus then he told,
 And other fortune telling gods of old ;
 How Pythia answered not, to Alexander,
 Untill with kicks and cuffs, he did command her.”

Our

Our Poet here goes into a long and uninteresting panegyric upon the virtues of solitary imprisonment, after which he proceeds:—

“ LO ! ENGLAND’S LION—such the will of fate,
At length become a prisoner of state ;
And (sad reverse) to a deep dungeon hurl’d,
The whilom vaunted terror of the world !
Yet grieve not, gen’rous beast ! for still thy name
If aught my verse can do, shall live in fame.
What tho’ no longer in the bloody field,
Thy doughty valor makes thy foes to yield ;
A task more hazardous, and more divine—
To SPEER the DESTINIES, henceforth be thine.”

Our learned and classical readers need not be at all surprised at the Lion’s becoming *uno flatu*, or with one blast (as it were) possessed of this most precious and profitable gift of divination ; as they will recollect, that Amphiarus the greatest of the Pagan Oracles, and the first who abstained from beans, on account of their being prejudicial to Prophecy, acquired that gift in a manner no less sudden and unlooked for :—For having gone into a certain house (as ignorant of futurity as the Mayor of Derry when he ordered illuminations for the *success* of Lord Howe !)—he next day came out every way qualified to be a Prophet.—The house was shut up from that time, and was called Faticia—the house of Prediction ; and it seems to have had, with respect to Divination, the same virtue which is ascribed to Parnassus with respect to Poetry. Pausanias relates this metamorphosis to have happened at Pythia, others say at Thebes ; be that as it may, it is perhaps the only instance

of the kind to be met with in history, except the present ; and there is certainly a strong analogy between this celebrated Oracle of Antiquity, and the Oracle of our Poet, inasmuch as they have both dealt principally in dreams---which species of Divination was, according to some historians, invented by Amphiaraus, although Pliny lib. 7. c. 56, ascribes that invention to Amphiëtrion, as he does that by the entrails of beasts to Delphus, and that by birds to Tiresias the Theban—giving to Amphiaraus at the same time the invention of Divination by fire. Statius indeed has made no mention of this particular, although he speaks of him as a Hero who joined to Royalty the knowledge of the future. With respect to the place which our Poet has chosen for the delivery of his Oracles, nothing can be more judicious than the choice of a gloomy cell. The most sacred of all the ancient Oracles, were those delivered by the Sybils from a deep and solitary cavern. Nor is probability at all violated in this instance, if we consider the marvellous accounts given by Strabo, Herodotus, Tacitus, Diodorus, Siculus, Macrobius, Xenophon, Plutarch, and other grave historians of the Oracles of Delphos, Claros, Erythræ, Cumæ, Babylon, Dodona, and that of that of the Branchidæ, so famous in Asia, amongst the Darians and Ionians ; together with a number of others too tedious to mention ; nor is this story at all more incredible than that of the votaries of Trephonius, in Bœotia, whose feet being placed opposite a little cavern, they were immediately borne into it with great force and velocity ; and there futurity was revealed to them—some seeing, and others hearing wonders : but all coming out raving and delirious, like this Prophet.

Our Poet calling the task of Prophecy as hazardous as that of War, is a fresh proof of his singular learning. Father Maimburg speaking of the false predictions of Hildebrand, afterwards

afterwards Pope Gregory the 7th, [who was so great a magician as to be able to shake fire out of his sleeves] respecting the death of the Emperor Henry the IVth. casts this dilemma in his teeth—"Either," says he, "Hildebrand believed that his prediction would come to pass, or he did not: If he believed it, he was a false Prophet, if not he was an impostor,"—which shews how possible it is, by the help of good logic, to detect false prophecies when they are contradicted by facts, and how great a risque of reputation there is run. But there is another way of accounting for this adventitious capacity in the Lion to give out Oracles; which is, by comparing this, with many of the Oracles of Antiquity which were delivered by the Priest or Prophets, upon consulting either some latent Deity, some Brute, or perhaps inanimate thing; in which case, it is clear, that the Prophetic talent rested intirely with the interpreter, and in that view, which we think the most plausible, the Lion is to the Prophet, merely what the *Black Cat* is to the *Conjuror*!—Nor will this appear any degradation, if we consider that these Oracles being set up for sublime purposes of state, the means of giving them effect, whatsoever they may be, are sanctioned and dignified by the end. But whether the Lion or the Priest were the greater person, the title of Prophet is with equal propriety applied to the Priest, being the same which, in the Egyptian Colleges, was universally bestowed upon all superiors or deans.

We now come to the opening of the Prophet's Commission, who, to use our Poet's words—

"With locks up-braided, and with robes succinct,
Pronounc'd these words, emphatic and distinct—

O yes!

*O yes !—O yes !—O yes !—*throughout this nation,
 Be't manifest by this our proclamation,
 That we, inspir'd with Prophecy Divine,
 Will give out answers at our Lion's shrine,
 Where, (seeing we are driv'n to our last shifts)
 We will accept of *patriotic* Gifts—
 From all the well disposed to the cause
 Of our *dear* government and happy laws.
 And loyal subjects must embrace with pleasure,
 All means by adding to the Royal Treasure,
 To guard the Church and State, and Constitution,
 From all attempts at impious revolution ;
 And ev'ry wight who here doth sacrifice,
 His soul shall go to Heaven when he dies ;
 This we foretell, by gift of Prophecy,
 And woe to him who thinks it is a lie.
 This said, he made the vaulted Temple ring,
 With, *Huzza !—Damn the French !—God save the King !*
 At which, the Lion from his cell did roar,
 Like Neptune, when he beats the sounding shore."

There is so strong a resemblance between this excellent
 State Paper (if so it may be called) and two others lately
 published on the Continent, that we cannot forbear thinking
 they must have issued from the same mint. The first is, a
 pastoral letter by the Archbishop of Cambray, who, after
 reviling the impious attacks made by the French upon the
 Catholic Religion and the Clergy, by dismembering their
 Churches, and pillaging their Altars; exhorts all his own
 Clergy, to bring in the plate and other valuable superfluous
 ornaments of theirs, for the support of a War, which he
 declares—

declares to be as "*Sacred as the Crusades.*" The second is a dispatch published at Brussels, Nov. 20th, 1793, and addressed to the States of the Belgic Provinces, by CHARLES LOUIS, Archduke of Austria, Prince Royal of Hungary and Bohemia, Knight of the GOLDEN FLEECE, &c. (a sorry title enough, by the bye, to go a begging with)---wherein it is said---"All bodies and individuals may deposit their *voluntary* gifts or loans in the hands of the Receiver General of the Finances, or Governors of the Royal Treasury, the Directors of Provincial Treasuries, and the Receivers of Domains in their respective Cities."---And that---"all those officers are authorized to receive both money and plate, and all articles of gold and silver, under whatever denomination they may be brought, either as an absolute gift, or loan for a fixed period, or during the war, with or without interest,"---declaring also that---at the same places will be received. *subscriptions for any sum, payable periodically, by the week, month, or quarter, &c.*" and promising to---"publish lists of the names of such as sacrifice to the *State*," (probably to prevent the bringing in of stolen goods.) But the most disinterested subscription we have ever heard of, is that set on foot in *his Majesty's kingdom of Ireland*, for sending out flannel shirts to the British Soldiers now employed in the *Conquest of his Majesty's Kingdom of France!*---an instance of unparalleled glory and generosity, considering that the very tenants who cultivate the lands and pay the rents, which enable most of these gentry to subscribe at all, are very little accustomed to the indulgence of a shirt of any kind, many without petticoat or breeches; and all of them utter strangers to shoe or stocking. However, it might have been prudent to have reserved a reversion in these shirts; that after the soldiers had had their turn, they might be granted out again to the peasantry of the country; but perhaps, it was necessary to comply with the

the

the English Act of Parliament for burying the dead in woollen!—Altho' it is said to be the opinion of the great Doctor Duigenan, that the penalty of that act would not attach upon soldiers killed in Flanders, particularly, as for the most part, they are left unburied. This poverty and misery of the Irish people, it would be very seditious to ascribe to any vice in the Government of the country, or to any thing but the native profligacy, bigotry, and ignorance of the wretches themselves, whom not all the soldiers sent amongst them, by a generous and mild Government, can enlighten or civilize. For, as my lords, the bishops, whose example gives great weight to their opinion, have been all heard to say, there is no country in which *honest industry and useful labor* is so sure a road to preferment as in the prosperous and united kingdom of Ireland:—Where, as the Prophet expresses himself, "Religion is not relegated to obscure villages and low municipalities, but rears her mitred front in Courts and Parliaments."

The first who came to consult the Prophet (bringing for a gift, half a dozen of his best *Port* and a handful of Exchequer bills) was the Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT, his Majesty's *present* Minister of State—

"Who thus the Reverend Soothsay'r address'd:

Say Priest, what form of Government is best?

The Priest then brandishing his magic wand,

Which quick obey'd the impulse of his hand,

Thrice tapp'd on the imprison'd Lion's door,

Who forthwith started up, and 'gan to roar—

More furious loud than he had done before:

At which, the Prophet straight withdrew his rod,

And hail'd, with frantic rage, the present god.

I rave—I burn—I glow with sacred fire;

Old England's genius doth my words inspire;

In

"In Church and State, the happiest Constitution,
Was settled at the Glorious Revolution."

Here he goes at great length into an explanation of the true principles and effects of that Revolution, which he proves to have (notwithstanding vulgar opinions) added more true glory to Kings than any preceding event to be met with in our history, for he goes on—

"Increasing debt, adds influence to a Crown,
And standing army keeps a people down.
Soldiers bring taxes, taxes soldiers feed,
And soldiers cause the Courtiers foes to bleed.
Happy that land, where, an all pow'rful King
And standing army, settle every thing!"

The Minister then breaks out into the most unrestrained commendation of this inspired and sacred Oracle, and proposes a second question, viz.—How long he himself shall remain in power? To which the Oracle answers:

"Short is the space, 'twixt *favor* and *disgrace*;
Fall'n from the *top*—you'll quickly reach the *base*!
Alas! unhappy youth—'twere better far,
T' have lost your m——d, than made this War."

Whether this latter response was, or was not, as agreeable to the Minister as the former, the Poet has not given the world to understand; farther than this, that *he asked no more questions!*

The next in order, is the Right Hon. HENRY DUNDASS,
Principal Secretary of State, President of the Board of
Controul,

Controul, Treasurer of the Navy, &c. &c. who offers a
SCOTCH BONNET, with the following address :

" Oh! Reverend Priest, accept this Highland bonnet,
Tho' mean it seems, look favourably on it;
A cunning woman gave it to my mother,
She never made but this one, and another;
The Hag was shrivell'd—bleer ey'd—bald and old,
And had the second sight; and she foretold
That if I liv'd to see it, 'twas my fate
To be the greatest Man in *all* the state;
And, learned Prophet, what I ask of you
Is but to tell me, did this Witch say true?
I love PITT well, because he shares the pelf,
But dearly love to have it all *myself*!
Nor can I, for my soul, the reason see,
Why PITT should be a greater man than me!
Then say, sage Priest, how must I go about
To worm myself in, and to turn *him* out?
But first, hear what a faithful vot'ry offers,
Give me but once to clutch the Royal Coffers;
This bonnet then, with yellow Gold shall shine,
A grateful off'ring at thy honor'd shrine;
Mean-while, the times are hard, my fortune tell,
'Trust me, and 'pon my soul, I'll pay you well!"

The PRIEST replies—

" Well said the Witch—for *he who lives to see*
Himself a great man, must a great man be:
So he who lives, to see himself an *Ass*—

Must needs be one ;—the Witch said well DUNDASS.
 Be diligent, make money while you may,
 For every Dog, DUNDASS, will have his day !”

Then comes LORD GRENVILLE, his Majesty’s Secretary of State for the home Department ; who actually gives the Priest a check upon his banker for *ten guineas*, declaring that he had overdrawn his credit, or he would have given more ; and desires to know, in what manner he should venture to publish LORD HOWE’s *late disaster* !

“ Oh ! mighty Priest, how will the news be born,
 That he, who went for *wool*, should come home *shorn*?
 To whom the Oracle forthwith replies :
 Oh ! Secretary, dry thy noble eyes ;
 Forge *pleasing news* from some of your Commanders,
 From the WEST-INDIES, TOULON, or from FLANDERS ;
 Fire the Park Guns, let barking Reeves alarm !
 And cry out, that the Church may come to harm.
 This will completely blind the vulgar eyes ;
 For none will think you dare to tell such lies.”

Our Poet here must have had in his mind the words which Shakespeare has put in the mouth of his Othello :

“ He that is robb’d, not knowing what is lost,
 “ Let him not know it, he’s not robb’d at all.”

Lord Grenville then asks, (wishing no doubt to have the worth of his money) whether LORD MOIRA would in reality make a descent upon France, and what the event would be ; to which the Prophet answers :

" Either, he will descend, or, he will not,
But, will he—nill he—matters not a groat.

Q. Where did the British Army *triumph* last?

A. Where should they triumph last—why—in BELFAST.

Q. Are *Irish Volunteers* completely settled?

A. If not, at least, they are completely *nettled*!

Q. What's to be done with this mad *Scotch Convention*?

A. A wooden wall—a *Hulk*'s the best prevention.

Q. What's the best way to humble the Reformers?

A. Fill all the world with *spies* and with *informers*!

The Law's too formal, crucifie them, tear them,
Give them the Knout, with red hot irons fear them;
With my own hands, I'll plunge my dagger in them,
'Tis glorious passime, mark ye how I pin them.
Take that TOM PAINE, here hold me up his neck,
Now stretch that CALM OBSERVER on the rack;
Who's next? 'tis GODWIN, Oh! the vile blasphemer!
Stab him! who's next? 'tis MUIR the Scotch declaimer,
Well, he's provided for—see who comes next,
'Tis PALMER, pinch him, till he eats his text.
Oh! bloody Jacobins—inhuman dogs,
Low base born catiffs; filthy foul-mouth'd hogs;
Give me a thunder-bolt—Oh! H—ll and fury!
And must such Atheists too, be *tried by jury*!!
Be't so, but Mr. Sheriff, d'ye mind,
Let them be fools, or else of *the right kind*.
I never went to Church, I fear'd no God,
Nor matter'd Priest, nor Sunday, a pea-cod;
But now by Heav'n I swear, be't wrong or right,
I'll turn a fiery zealot, from pure spite."

Our readers will wonder, no doubt, to hear this Oracle deal so much in the first person, and perhaps expect of us, that we should, according to our usual diligence, endeavour to explain it; but contrary to the manner of most Reviewers, we are modest enough to own ourselves at a loss. We do think it an odd matter, and that is all we can say on the subject.

Lord Grenville then asks, when the War will terminate? And is answered:

“ When your Exchequer is not worth a shilling,
And every man to bear *new tax*, unwilling;
Nor any can be found so bold, to lend,
Then, and not sooner, will your *glories* end!”

He then asks, *How* the War will end? The Oracle replies:

“ Tempt not the fates too far, nor seek to learn
What amorous Billy Pitt, could not discern.”

The moral of these latter lines is extremely curious. The world is by this time pretty well acquainted with the romantic passion, with which our Minister burns for the Imperial and Imperious CATHERINE, and how unkindly she returns his love: We hope so at least, for we should be the last to propagate scandal. The world know, how in a fit of disappointed fondness, he fitted out the late armament against her. The world know how bitterly he has repented that measure; But perhaps the world know not, that the present War was undertaken; and all Europe set on fire by this great Minister, with a view merely to appease her anger and regain her favor, by reducing England and all the other powerful States to such an extremity, that

they may fall easy victims to her power, and like *Poland* receive *her humane laws*! What amorous Billy Pitt could not discern must mean, that the Right Hon. William Pitt (for Billy is only a Poetical appellation) being blinded by his passion could not foresee, that this War must end in promoting Freedom, and in his disgrace.

Thus far had our Oracle been consulted by Courtiers merely. The next who comes forward as a votary is a simple well-meaning country gentleman, Mr. —, of —, who having been greatly tormented by political doubts, occasioned by two universal a reading of the works of Edmund Burke, comes to enquire by what means the seeming contradictions contained in them may be reconciled; (offering at same time a rouleau containing 100 guineas) and is answered:

“ Know friend, that Edmund Burke, e’er his conversion,
Wrote many books which now are his aversion.
Then he was Burke seditious and disloyal,
Next treasury Burke became—now Prophet Royal.
Find but the date of his conversion out,
So may you read reliev’d from every doubt.”

The next question is, when the NATIONAL DEBT will be paid?—to which the Oracle answers,—“Very soon,” being much surprised by this answer, he, (after making many apologies for his boldness) ventures to ask him how? and is answered—“With a *sponge*!”—He then asks, (which shews him to have been a *moderate man*) whether it was not possible, by persevering in the *lawful* and *constitutional* mode of *petitioning* Parliament, to prevail upon it to reform itself: adding, that he had somewhere read of a conscientious Pope, who, (seeing that there was no human authority

rity high enough to correct him), condemned himself to be burned, and was burned accordingly.—“*Judico me cremari,*”—says the Pope, “*Et fuit combustus.*” The only answer he receives to this question is:—

“The best Reform is honor and obey—
Give hucks to Swine!—hence silly man away.”

The next who comes forward is the elegant, eloquent, multifarious, and Right Honourable CHARLES JAMES LORD MULGRAVE, the point of precision, and the Prince of *parcum in mullo*; who, kneeling on one knee, presents the Priest with a silver-mounted sword and a gold tooth-pick case—and proceeds:

“To know one’s self, becomes a prudent man,
Instruct me then, Oh! Priest, for well you can,
Whether I more illustrious have shone,
In British senate-house, or at Toulon?
To him the sacred Oracle replies,
Oh! Mulgrave, thou art *great* as thou art *wise*.”

His Lordship being now satisfied respecting himself, recollects the business about which he came; which was, as a deputy from the garrison of Toulon, to ask him how long that city would hold out? The Oracle replies:

“Thither, Oh! Mulgrave, *over-land* repair,
T’ the heights impending, take thy station there;
If the *tri-colour’d* flag thou canst descry,
Quick turn thy back upon the place, and *fly*!”

The next is the Right Hon. and Right Reverend Father in God, his Grace the A—— of C——, an illustri-

ous member of the *Irish fourth Estate!*—who had at his last visitation, raised a contribution off his clergy, for the purpose of making a handsome offering at the shrine of the Prophetic Lion, which he now presents; and desires to know, how those should be dealt with, who complain against the *divine* institution of TYTHES, demanding at the same time—

“ If the best means to terminate the squabble
Were not, at once to *decimate* the rabble?
If so, we can be at no loss to chuse,
We know the prop’rest persons to accuse.
We’ve smoak’d the ringleaders thro’ all the nation,
Thanks to our scheme, for *secret information*!
To whom, the Priest—Right Rev’rend sir, take care;
Of George of Alexandria, beware.”

We have been at great pains to discover what our Poet could mean, by this abrupt mention of George of Alexandria; but without effect. There is a curious passage in the writings of Amianus Marcellinus, wherein he censures George Bishop of Alexandria, (who afterwards perished in a popular sedition) for having turned spy, or informer, and prefer’d a great many accusations to Constantius—“ *Apud patulas aures Constantii multos accusans*”—thus forsaking that holy profession which teaches nothing but what is good and gentle—“ *professionis sue oblitus quæ nil nisi justum suadet et lenæ.*” And this was the passage, which Chiffletius relied upon to prove that, this celebrated historian, who was a native of Antioch, must have been a Christian. It certainly proved that he was acquainted with the characteristics of that religion, and understood what conduct became a true Christian Bishop; but we can not for our lives, see, what that has to do with his Grace of C——.

The

The next question of the A——, (who does not seem any more than ourselves to have apprehended the meaning of this answer) turns upon what is called Polemical Divinity; and raises still higher our admiration of our Poet, whose mighty mind seems to have comprehended the whole circle of the sciences, and to have embraced every object of human and preternatural knowledge.

“ Oh ! Holy Prophet ! (as full well you know)
 These bloody *Frenchmen* all to Hell must go !
 But can our Church's honor brook this evil,
 That they should go their own way to the Devil ?”

The answer to this question is the most singular to be met with throughout the book, for the PROPHEET is described as, being stirred up by the name of Hell and the Devil to an unusual pitch of frenzy, in the midst of which, he sung from the bottom of his belly by fits and starts; which mode of utterance, Plutarch describes in the Pythian priestess by the term *Engastrimythos*—the following stanza :

“ Oh ! Lord, our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 Make them to fall :
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
 On thee our hopes we fix,” &c. &c.

Then comes his Grace the DUKE OF RICHMOND, riding upon a demi-culverin, and attended by a Coal-Porter, bearing upon his back half-a-peck of City Coals, and the *seditions* Hurdy Gurdy, or Barrel Organ; the same which our readers will recollect to have been so *instrumental* in the crimes

crimes of the unfortunate MUIR. The history of this instrument is interesting enough : During the last campaign, whilst the Allies were gathering laurels on the Continent, before Dunkirk, Maubeuge, Landau, Toulon, and Fort-Louis, his Grace quitted his Camp at Brighton, and, at the head of that part of his ordnance which was *not* lost at Dunkirk, actually stormed and took possession of—this ORGAN !! In last Trinity Term, it was tried by information, in the King's Bench, and found guilty of *Sedition*, upon the clearest evidence : when it was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury ! subject to the correction of the House, and to play the weekly anthem of *God Save the King* !—and, at the expiration of that term, to find security for its peaceable behaviour for the space of seven years ! Here the Organ had continued implicitly to obey the terms of its sentence for several months, until one unlucky Sunday : The psalm happened to begin with “ Put not your trust in Princes,” and by some power of sympathy which we cannot clearly explain, (being unacquainted with such theories) it revived in the Organ all its old seditious propensities, so that it instantly played off the air of “ *Ca Ira*,”—in consequence of which, it was turned out by the Church Warden, (or rather the Dean and Chapter) as incorrigible, and was delivered over to the Duke, who now brings it, under a strong guard of Pitt's prerogative, (precedented Hessians,) to make, by means of the coals above mentioned, a burnt offering at the Prophetic shrine ; thinking it the most æconomic he could possibly present, as neither one nor t'other cost him any thing.

His Grace then asks, what is the most reasonable and constitutional means, next to *his Fortifications* and the *general Fast*—of opposing the propagation of French principles, and is thus answered :

“ Use

"Use ev'ry power and stratagem of state;
 Old English principles to propagate;
 Employ the *steel* of Cobourg—gold of Pit;
 Powis's *eloquence*—and Cawthorne's *quilt*;
 Wyndham's *consistency*—Reeves's *alarms*;
 M'Bride's fam'd *Gum-boats*—Moir's *Hessian arms*.
 Make Frenchmen build, of *figurative* stone,
 A Temple, old and mouldring as our own:
 There lock them up, and quiet let them rest,
 Whilst we shall domineer, from East to West."

His Grace objects that, it would be impossible to find workmen to construct such a Temple; those who built the best part of ours, being dead more than a thousand years ago: besides, if there were any who understood laying the foundation *in the clouds!* and *building downwards!* still the difficulty would exist, of procuring a model of it, as it has been already stated to be Amorphus, i. e. having no determinate shape nor dimensions. The Prophet replies—

"Oh! ye, more ignorant, than daws or rooks!
 What would ye?—Have ye not my wond'rous books?"

The Duke admits that, every thing great and glorious is treated of in those books, but still seems at a loss to conceive (however practicable it was to build a new Temple) how men could set about to build an *old* Temple? The PROPHET, upon this, clapping his hand on the hilt of his dagger, and planting his right foot before him (in the attitude in which Henry IV. of France is described, in the Appeal to the Old Whigs, to have spoken to his Parliament,) seemed ready to make his Grace better acquainted with

with futurity than he perhaps wished to be; but his attention was called another way, by a loud flourish of trumpets and Prussian drums, which announced the approach of ALBERT SIGISMUND VAN WURMSER, and his *serene* Highness CHARLES WILLIAM FERDINAND, DUKE of BRUNSWICK LUNENBURGH, General in the King of Prussia's Armies, born October 9, 1735, Plenipotentiary from their Imperial and Royal Majesties; attended by a small suite, indifferently clad, and neither seemingly in very good health nor spirits; being, as we suppose, the remains of the Combined Armies on the Rhine. Startled at the sound, and divining by his Prophetic talent, the whole history of this embassy, he immediately retreated into his Cabinet, where he lost no time to array himself in a garb proper for the reception of the *martial* representatives of such *illustrious* Monarchs—and almost instantly returned with the hat and coat of Prince Adolphus, superadded to his former habiliments. The ceremonies which took place, are less circumstantially related than one would expect from so courtly a poet.

“The Lion roar’d—the Warriors, friendship vow’d—
The trumpet sounded—and, the Prophet bow’d.”

They then open their commission, offering a bill of Exchange drawn by the Prussian Monarch, accepted by his Imperial Majesty, and made payable to the Lion of Old England—on the conquest of France, by the Combined Armies.

The curiosity of our readers will be disappointed, as our own has been, by not learning the express purpose of this embassy, [which was conveyed in a seal'd letter, after the manner in which the Emperor TRAJAN consulted the God at Heliopolis] when the Oracle ordered a blank letter to

be folded, sealed, and delivered to him, which astonished the Emperor by the exactness with which it corresponded to his own. So here

“The Priest, consulted by a letter seal’d,
The sacred future, by the like reveal’d.”

There have not been wanting, however, ignorant and malignant critics, who have ascribed this device of the sealed letter to the embarrassment in which they suppose the Poet to have entangled himself, by introducing two so illustrious persons, with so much parade, and who had at the same time so little to say for themselves; and these critics pretend to palliate their asperity, by admitting it to be, what they call *dignus vindicæ nodus*: But the answer which our Poet puts in the mouth of General Wurmser, who opens and reads the letter, shews plainly, that he was under no such difficulty.

“Go on—let’s persevere unto the last;
Fight, and be beaten—pay, and pray, and fast!
At this the Plenipo’s each other ey’d
With mute astonishment—the Duke replied
Duke. *Fest!* Sacrament! have we not, in Alsace,
Sustain’d enough of hunger and disgrace?
Wurmser. Have we not yet been humbled low enough?
Duke. But, must we still be treated with such stuff?
Wurmser. Scattered—
Duke. ——— And shattered—
Wurmser. ——— battered—
Duke. ——— tattered—
Wurmser. ——— torn.
Both. *Donner und blitz sint favey partien verloren.*

This last expression of his Serene Highness means, in the German language as we have been told by Mr. Weltgie, confectioner to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales—"Thunder and Lightening haven't we lost two games already"—and seems to be the phrase of a gamester, which is peculiarly proper in the mouths of German Officers, who have played two such desperate games.

The Prophet (who, as is common to all oracles both sacred and prophane, if we may confide in Tertullian,) having an unbounded command of languages, answers in the Icelandish tongue,

"Pat verdr mioc morgon er ming varir fjaljan."

If we are not much mistaken, this phrase is to be met with in a manuscript, published after the death of *Erland O'Lafson Esq.* Sylsumadr, or Justice of Peace for the county of Isafjord in Iceland—the authenticity of which is vouched for, by Snorro Sturleson, in his *Heim Skringla*, published by I. Peringskold, Stockholm, 1699, 700 and means---

That happens to many which they have least expected.

Wormser then proceeds to read :

"Fear not, brave Warriors, in the end you'll see
A mighty nation, which shall humbled be."

This resembles the Oracle given to Cræsus by the Delphic Priests, that, by passing the river Halys, he should ruin a great empire, not however saying *what* empire: neither has our Prophet said *what* nation shall be humbled.

Before

Before they had time to read any more of this letter, if any more there was to read, the LORD ADVOCATE of Scotland entered abruptly, bringing in his teeth the *He* which he had lately received from an Irish Gentleman; which he offers to the Priest, and desires to be instantly furnished with a precedent for the late proceedings in the High Court of Justiciary. The Prophet, with wonderful promptitude, returned this answer:

“ Read Boccacini, and therein you’ll find

The ‘*Toyman’s Case*’ just suited to your mind.”

We have looked into Boccacini, and find the case reported as follows:

“ A fellow that kept a Toy Shop, was seized by a messenger, and immediately dragged to the Port, and clapped on board the Gallies: All Parnassus was moved with compassion, to think that the poor wretch should be so punished. But we are informed, this was done at the solicitation of the chief Monarchs of the universe, who thought themselves highly injured by this Toyman, because he publicly SOLD SMOKE! for this, it seems, is a commodity which they contend, private men ought by no means to deal in: And therefore ’tis believed that, by the punishment of this pedling rascal, they would deter others from encroaching upon their prerogative.

“ Now, tho’ some HALF-WITTED people believed that, the shop-keepers crime deserved not half so severe a chastisement; yet the men of penetration and discernment, affirmed, that he had been treated very gently— for Smoke, they said, often served Princes for current coin; and therefore, if it became cheap and common, their treasure would soon be exhausted.”

The next votary is Mr. JOHN GIFFARD, *Apothecary, High Sheriff* of the City of Dublin, *Captain* in the City *Militia*, and an Officer in his Majesty's *Revenue*; who presents a Box of Pills, which the Prophet declines the acceptance of; upon which the Sheriff breaks off a link of his chain, and gives it to Mr. MORTON, who, without loss of time, falls to work, and beats it out into a very broad leaf, with which the Apothecary having gilded the Pills, the Prophet no longer refuses to receive them. He then asks, whether the adventures related of his sublime Reverence, and his Ward—THE LION OF OLD ENGLAND, in the BELFAST NORTHERN STAR, are sufficiently *authentic* to be inserted in the Dublin Journal? with which, however, Mr. Morton bears testimony he has no manner of concern: In return for which, *Captain* Giffard declares, that he does not know an individual, even in the department of the revenue, more expert in handling gold; and that, considering he is yet but an apprentice, he is certainly a lad of great expectations.

The Oracle answers *Doctor* Giffard's question rather unsatisfactorily---

"I have a reason—you shall have a Rhyme—
I'll tell you more of this some other time."

The next in order is BURTON CUNNINGHAM, Esq. from the new *commercial* and *populous* City of Rutland, who pulls a Salt Herring from his pocket, which he hopes will be considered as a magnificent offering, suited to the dignity of so great an Oracle;—and presents it with the following address:

"Most mighty Prophet, whom I love and honor,
Accept this *Herring* from an humble donor:

Of strictest truth I do not pass the bounds,
 In saying, it cost *Twenty Thousand Pounds* !
 Of public money--besides twenty more
 Which I have spent upon a barren shore.
 Ah ! mighty Prophet, did you know the losses
 I have sustain'd, by building in the Rosses ?”

Mr. Cunningham alludes to the grant made to him by Parliament, of 20,000*l.* (on condition of his adding as much of his own) to improve the North-West Fishery, which he has done in so *judicious* a manner, that nothing seems wanting to it now, but---FISH!!!

The Priest, who had lately connected himself with the Nootka Sound Company, and piqued himself upon his judgment in Salt Fish, surveyed the Herring with curious accuracy, and, after picking at it with his dagger, swore by the Constitution, it was an imposition; for that it was neither more nor less than a very ordinary Manks Herring; and threw it down, with some indignation, upon the Coals--adding, that he did not believe there was a single Herring in all the Rosses!--Upon which *Captain Lyster*, another friend of *Doctor Giffard's*, who had, as well as Mr. Morton, accompanied him from Ireland, came forward, and very good naturedly swore, that, so far from there not being a single Herring in the Rosses---“he, having on the 16th day of December, 1792, had a *curiosity* to go there, did, between the hours of two and four o'clock, in the forenoon, take one hundred and odd barrels in his night cap!!!--and *this one* he could *particularly* swear to, having taking a *fancy*, as he *generally* did, when he met with a *remarkable* Herring, to write a memorandum on the back of it”--and this testimony was corroborated by Mr.

Morten !! The Prophet then taking it up again, applied it to his nose, and declared, that it was not sound, nor had not been properly packed: Upon which *Sheriff* Giffard is applied to, (being supposed to know what is corrupt, and what is not, having *packed* many a *dozen* for his friends) who assured him, it was infinitely fresher than when it came out of the water; upon which the Prophet, who delighted in the marvelous, after considering about *ten minutes*, gave a nod of assent, and Mr. Cunningham resuming his courage, asks some questions respecting Col. Maquiere's late assertion in the House of Commons—for the answers to which; we refer the curious to the original work.

Mr. Cunningham then relates the circumstance of Mr. GRATTAN's having fallen on the *Treasury Steps*, where he determined to lye, until he should hear that *England was in a condition to rise along with him!* The answer to which is

“Let HENRY GRATTAN lye, where now he lies,
Until another *Morning Sun* doth rise.”

The celebrated professor of Oriental literature in the University of Oxford, explains this to mean; that Mr. Grattan, from too intense a study of the books of the *Magi*, had unfortunately deviated to the worship of the rising Sun: and others have explained *that* rising Sun, to mean the Prince of Wales, to whom, and to whose party, Mr. Grattan seems *disinterestedly* to have devoted himself and *his Country*, reserving nothing but his 50,000l. !!!

Last, though not least, comes SYLVESTER DOUGLASS, Esq. Barrister, of Lincoln's-Inn, who had, for some time past been retained to represent the Irish people, and act as
Secretary.

Sec. to his Excellency the Ld. Lieut. of the Castle; who, having *brought over* the Opposition in the Parliament of that country, offers them as a sacrifice on the altar of Inspiration, and desires nothing further, than to be informed, when the great cause of JOURDAN, PICHEGRU, and others, against COBBOURG and others, will be finally determined? And, whether it is likely to end in an appeal to the supreme court of *Dernier Recort*? (the Hundred Million) as he intends giving it a place in the next edition in his *very learned* reports:—The Oracle answers

“*Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena,*

Has Robespierre been serv'd with a subpoena?”

We believe it would puzzle Mr. ROSE himself, to give a good prose translation of these lines. It seems to us, as if the Oracle had said in vulgar phrase, “My dear Sylvester, why do you spend your time like a *gentle shepherd*, in *piping* such *old songs*, that every body is tired of: My dear friend, if you have a mind to bring the matter to issue, or to a final hearing; you should lose no time to serve this Robespierre with a subpoena: And as you can safely swear you have *no remedy at common law*, bring him at once to answer upon his oath before the Chancellor; and see what my Lord Fitzgibbon will make of him!”

It is not to be imputed to ignorance, that this celebrated Reporter, did not reply, that the process of the King's Courts, whether of Law or Equity did not run into *His Majesty's Kingdom of France*! but the truth is, he had got no brief, and consequently was unprepared to speak; and for that reason, declined entering into any argument.

Next comes JOHN FENTON CAWTHORNE, Esq. M. P. the first who happily discovered, and ingenuously asserted

n the House of Commons that, none but *Dissenters*, and *Enemies to our Constitution* objected to the *Slave Trade*! —And he presents as his offering a *Bowl* of excellent *Rum Punch*! The Poet speaks highly of it indeed :

“ ’Twas liquor for my Lord Mayor’s banquet meet ;
With limes made sour ; with sugar very sweet ;
With water weak ; with choicest spirits strong ;
Such as inspires the willing Poet’s song.”

Some of those conceited commentators, whose innocent pedantry makes us smile, have pretended to discover this intoxicating draught, an allegorical allusion to the *checks* of the British Constitution, and to the *mixed* form of Government ; and they argue thus, that the Poet (who is universally acknowledged to have preserved the consistency of character beyond every other author) would never otherwise have made Mr. Cawthorne, who is a gentleman of great figure, present so unfashionable a beverage ; but be that as it may, the PROPHEET, after making a small libation upon the *Herring* which lay upon the coals, gave for a toast the—“ *Glorious Memory*”—and being thirsty from his great vocal exertions, quickly exhausted the contents !

Mr. Cawthorne then informs him of the FRENCH CONVENTION having decreed what amounts to the entire abolition of slavery in their Colonies, which must soon set loose the Negroes in all the Plantations ; and therefore begs to know what the price of such a bowl of punch may be on the 14th of July 1796 ?

The Poet here before he describes the Prophet’s rage, most judiciously invokes his Muse, after the example of
Homer,

Homer, when he goes about to sing the dreadful anger of Achilles :

“ Once more my Muse impart thy sacred fire,
And let me sing the Prophet's burning ire ;
Who when these tidings did his ear astound,
Let fall the empty punch-bowl on the ground :
With countenance so frantick and so wild,
Orlando Furiosos had seem'd mild
Compar'd therewith ; or Alerick's the Goth ;
Or Stephen Bennet's, fiercer than them both.
Speechless a while, his eyes in vacant stare
Were fix'd on space ; stiff stood his upright hair ;
And bristling like the Caledonian boar ;
Uprear'd the Prince's hat which then he wore :
Anon like fiery Phlegethon he burn'd,
And with indignant foot the base earth spurn'd.
Vile clod, which on thy breast hast born, he cried,
Those fiends who Heav'ns dread vengeance have defied,
Those impious Atheists, those dæmons fell,
Sprung from the deep abyss of darkest Hell.
What *sacred superstition* have they spar'd ;
What sacrilegious deed have they not dar'd :
What, venerable prejudice have left,
Of which poor *naked* man is not bereft ?
Time's august sanction do they not disdain,
And *all example*, sacred or profane :
Christians and Infidels, Gentiles and Jews,
Moses and Mahommed alike abuse,
Old Socrates, to them, would be a fool ;

Plato and Seneca might go to school,
 To learn that Nature's author never gave
 Forsooth to man, the right to have a slave.
Ob Chivalrie, thou- unbought grace of life,
 Thy lance is turned to a bloody knife.
 Oh wassil days, when one bright lady's charms,
 Could call contending kingdoms forth to arms :
 Low at her feet the conquering hero kneel'd,
 Charg'd with the reeking honors of the field ;
 And thought one favoring smile, one soft regard,
 O'erpaid his dangers with a rich reward :
 Then Kings and Nobles, stood in true degree,
 'Twixt Heaven's Throne, and base-born villainy :
 Then slaves were slaves, as 'twas decreed they should,
 For RIGHTS OF MAN were then not understood.
 Mungrel Philosophers, say if you can,
 What mean your wisdoms by the RIGHTS OF MAN ?
 Is it with impious hands to burst the chain,
 Which Providence in mercy did ordain ?
 Is it to teach the filthy wallowing swine,
 To grunt that *Kingly power* is not *divine* ?
 Is it to say, that Heav'n has been unjust,
 And hurl the God and altar in the dust ?
 I can no more, for now my liver burns,
 I freeze, I shiver, and I scorch by turns ;
 Yet, whilst I may, I'll breathe one *pious* curse,
 Which, howsoever bad, may Heav'n make worse :
 May ye doom'd thro'out a troubled life,
 To fierce alarms, and everlasting strife.
 "Bondsmen and Ragans may your Statesmen be"

The same your wicked frenzy has set free :
 May *Black Othello's* all your armies lead ;
 And you yourselves by *Grim-fac'd Zanga's* bleed :
 May ruffian death cut off each prospect bright,
 And hurl your souls to everlasting night.
 " *Black sp'rits and cubite ; blue sp'rits then and grey,*"
 " Shall mingle, mingle, mingle." Thus I pray,
 Oh for the holy finger of St. Mark,
 To lead my wand'ring footsteps thro' the dark :
 I'd measure then how many skips of a louse,
 Betwixt St. James's Gate and Carlton House."

Our Poet here describes the Prophet as skipping backwards and forwards, seemingly with a design of reducing each skip to a certain determinate length. The finger of St. Mark must mean, that relic brought from the Holy Land by *Henry, the Lion*, a Duke of Brunswick, and distant Kinsman of the LION OF OLD ENGLAND : for which a Venetian Minister offered George the first 100,000 ducats ; which sum the Elector was too conscientious to accept of. The two last lines seem to have some meaning ; but we do not rightly understand it.

Whilst the Prophet was thus employed, a voice issued from the Dungeon, requiring that the door should be instantly thrown open. This was the voice of the LION : who, feeling the symptoms of approaching dissolution, occasioned by the consciousness of fallen greatness—by reiterated and cruel disappointments by sea and land ; by the base ingratitude of courtiers ; but above all, by a late sense of errors, too deeply rooted in his heart to be eradicated, but with life :—And anxious to discharge the load which sat heavy on his mind ; demanded in a tone of ir-
 fistable

sistable dignity, that this foppery might cease, and that he should be set at liberty!—The Priest at first hesitated; which shewed he had some discretion in his anger;—the Secretary insisted upon sending for the Guards!—His Grace of Richmond took a strong position between the Organ and the Coals, leaving the *Campaign* Country in his rear, to secure a safe and speedy retreat!—Mr. Pitt snatched up a bottle of his own Port, and drank it off, that he might have the empty bottle to defend himself, in case the *prerogative* Hessians, behind whom he took refuge, should be routed!—The Sheriff swore it was an escape, and set off with his fellow-travellers for Ireland!—Mr. Cunningham, imitating Mr. Grattan, fell prostrate on the ground! The Irish Secretary threatened to take the law!—Lord Mulgrave drew his sword and ran away!—The A—— wept and prayed in an unusual manner!—Mr. Dundas got behind the Prophet's back, clasping him round the waist, and determined that he should stand between him and danger!—The great Plenipot called for their *Landau*; but were informed that it was taken in execution, under a judgment, recovered in an action of assault and battery, tried at the last Summer Assizes for the circle of Suabia. Upon which, without staying to remonstrate against this breach of the privilege of royal Ambassadors, and the law of Nations,—or the indignity offered to their Royal Masters, they contented themselves with calling for their *Berlin*, which was still in waiting; and General Hoche, who, it seems, has been truly stated by the government prints, to have been bred a postillion, with great alacrity undertook to drive them both home!—The Country Gentleman alone, remained in some degree, tranquil;—The Priest probably overawed by the uncommon Majesty with which the demand was uttered, (For the Poet has left us to conjecture the cause of his compliance) unlocked the door; when, to the great consolation of all present, the

LION advanced slowly, and with perfect composure, to the mouth of his den; where, planting himself in an attitude the most striking that can be imagined, with a countenance full of the most exalted benignity, and a voice exquisitely touching—he pronounced these memorable words:

“ Mark all ye list’ning throng, what I reveal,
 E’er fate has fix’d an everlasting seal
 Upon my lips—Already has cold death
 Seiz’d on my limbs, and now ethereal breath
 Alone remains: and pure empyreal flame,
 Freed from the trammels of a mortal frame.
 Forbear, Oh! bab’ling Priest!—forbear to curb
 My airy flight, and dare not to disturb
 That vision, more serene, and more divine,
 Than ever was, or ever can be thine.
 Too much of human carnage have I seen,
 Too long the reckless instrument have been
 Of vile ambition—too long serv’d the cause
 Of those who trample upon nature’s laws.
 Too long have led the van in bloody fight,
 Wag’d by the few against the public right;
 Where weak caprice, or wicked arts prevail,
 Or juggling statecraft o’er the general weal.
 Where rank corruption Lords it o’er the state,
 And barefac’d Robbers sway whole nation’s fate.
 Lo!—now methinks, I see before mine eyes,
 The ravages of War—I hear the cries
 Of violated virgins, and the groans
 Of mangled soldiers—Hear a parent’s moans
 For butcher’d offspring!—And the maid deplore
 Her lover gone, to talk of love no more!

I see the widow'd mother frantic, wild,
 Clasp to her throbbing breast her infant child;
 I see the little prattling babe bewail,
 He scarce knows what—in th' unnatural tale;
 Who kill'd his father, asks—and is he dead?
 He is!—she cries—and curses on his head
 Who struck the blow!—Yet what alas! was he?
 The wretched victim too, of tyranny;
 Perhaps e'er now, his slaughter'd body fold
 By some vile Prince for mercenary gold!
 'Tis you, ye Despots of the earth below,
 Upon the human race, this load of woe;
 No vice nor folly harbours in your mind,
 But straight becomes a scourge to human kind;
 Whilst Priest or Flarlor, flatterer or fool,
 Your councils guide, and o'er your weakness rule.
 Behold!—where peace, and chearing plenty smil'd,
 Sweet nurses of the arts, and commerce mild,
 Exchanging social comforts, where, e'en now
 The merry shuttle danc'd—the rustic plow
 Prepar'd the glebe, and golden crops of grain,
 Wav'd to the sickle of the reaper train.
 The grateful peasant view'd his little hoard,
 And pleasure crown'd his hospitable board;
 And dawning science, did its beams impart,
 T' expand his soul and humanize his heart.
 Already had he learn'd himself to scan,
 And felt the conscious energy of man:
 When lo! some cruel Monarch's fell command,
 Spreads desolation thro' that smiling land.
 How chang'd the scene!—The harmless *Rustic* now,
 Forsakes the honest labours of his plough;

And now a Soldier stains, with human gore
That earth, his guiltless hands had till'd before,
From the proud *City* too, all joy is fled,
Where wounded commerce hangs her drooping head.
The *Merchant* pines, that prosp'rous gales no more
Wast him the treasures of each distant shore.
The poor *Mechanic*, whose industrious toil,
Enhanc'd the value of the public spoil :
Unable to sustain domestic grief,
Flies to the wars, and finds in death relief !
But you !—you *Cities*, who can tell your fate,
Where hostile thunder threatens at *your gate* ;
Where midnight shrieks ; and lamentations sound,
And death, in ghastly terror, stalks around !
Where stately buildings, bow their ancient head,
And crumble o'er the living and the dead :
Disease and famine, waste the wearied frame
And misery, and horror, reign supreme.
And now the field of battle, strikes mine eye,
Where thousand festering carcases do lye ;
Grow fat ye worms ; gorge well ye beasts of prey,
This is your carnival—your festal day !
Behold that stripling, late so blooming fair,
The darling object of parental care ;
How many anxious vows, and tender fears—
How many smiles, how many pious tears ;
And gentle blandishments, have there been shed
Upon his infancy—behold him dead !
And none to drive away that fowl, that tries,
To pick from out his skull, his half-clos'd eyes.
Enough of this—Low ! now a lovely train,
Of Heav'n-born images crowd on my brain,

And now—methinks I can defy the day,
 When all such vanities shall pass away;
 When PEACE shall dwell on earth, and man shall learn,
 The majesty of Heaven to discern;
 No more shall tremble at a tyrant's nod,
 Nor pay to man the homage due to God.
 Fantastical authority no more
 Forbid the human intellect to explore
 Its sacred springs—No more the infant voice,
 Be taught for slaughter'd thousands to rejoice.
 No more shall fiend like hosts be led along,
 To butcher those who never did them wrong;
 And man, forgetful of his nature, vie
 With beasts of prey, in savage cruelty;
 Rapine and murder shall no more be known,
 And rage and jealousy for ever flown;
 But gentleness and love return again,
 And dwell amidst the new-born sons of men:
 Then, generous ROWAN, shall thy honest name
 Be consecrated to a well earn'd fame;
 The mild historian of a better age,
 Shall give thy story to the faithful page;
 By better bards, hereafter shall be sung,
 Those virtues told so well by CURRAN's tongue.
 This said—he press'd the earth with care-worn breast,
 And sunk in silence to eternal rest!"

THE END.

4 AP 64